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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Frozen Assets in Books

AS the heart panteth after the water brooks so a good reader yearns for a good library behind and around him, yet our modern mode of living balks his desires. He lives in an apartment instead of a house, or in a small house instead of a large one. And in that domicile he does not settle down to stay either morning, noon, or night, but is on the move restlessly in motors, trains, ships, or airplanes at least half of that time which his father, firmly planted, gave to reading. (An ingenious friend of this *Review* suggests that the reason we write so much nowadays is that the opportunities to talk it all out are lost in the flurry of constant transportation). This modern reader is cluttered and oppressed and almost smothered beneath reading matter. Newspapers pile up like snowdrifts, magazines and circulars cover the tables, and even a modest selection from the new books fills up the bookshelves as fast as they are built. Printed matter cheapens itself by its abundance, and with only the floor left for additions, a new book bought is a book without a home. No wonder that the American turns from the bookshop to the lending library.

We are suffering from overproduction of books just as we are suffering from overproduction in cars, but it is a different kind of inflation. There is no overproduction of good books, even though good books are not being bought as they should be, nor kept as they should be by the collectors of private libraries. The consumer is in a mental deadlock. He still thinks, as did his ancestor, of a book as something considerable, permanent, and not to be discarded, as indeed its price suggests. Yet in the multitude of books published, all bound alike, all printed alike, all costing alike, there is a wide distinction, which scarcely existed a century ago, between books frankly topical—biographies of the moment, fiction salted to immediate interest, manuals of up-to-date information—and books that ripen with keeping. This distinction is not always easy to make at the moment of purchase, but in a few months, often in a few weeks, it becomes apparent to the least critical.

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But how few families endeavor to make the distinction! They treat all books bought or given with democratic indiscrimination, as having by virtue of being bound and made of superior paper an equality without reference to subject matter. So the shelves clog and clutter with volumes of all sorts, some increasingly alive, some hopelessly dead, and soon no more new books are brought home for lack of housing space.

More care in the selection of books is not here a sufficient remedy, for we are assuming a careful reader who is wise in his buying without being pedantic to the point of choosing only the books that he knows will be kept. There must be some means of salvage, which will take off the inevitable surplus of topical books that have served their purpose, and clear out the mistakes.

And here a scheme proposed and put into effect by G. P. Putnam's bookshop in New York seems to us of great usefulness. They offer to take an old book at a credit of twenty-five cents applicable upon the purchase of a new one. This suggests a possible escape for the real reader. He can keep his topical book as long as he wants it, then get shelf room for another book at a lessened cost, while presumably the returned book reaches a new market at a low price and so on until it is happily worn out by reading, the best end for all books not permament in literature. Useful extensions of this practice will suggest themselves. A four dollar book bought at a given shop might well be made returnable within three months and in reasonable condition to the same shop for a higher credit on a new purchase. By such inducements and an annual round up for the second hand shops, the frozen capital of current books might be melted and made to flow, leaving space among the survivors for more new books. The constant reader by applying such measures intelligently, might "keep up with the new books," might have them his own to choose from, not borrowed for quick and nervous reading, and yet have room to collect that slowly growing library which is both the expression and the resource of his literary personality.

Yolanda's Garden

(*Molto cantabile*)

By JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

THE Queen Yolanda looks from the high window
Through the tall tree that presses against the pane.
What can the young, the yellow-braided, see?
A green glass tree—
A thicket of glossy pendants, dark with shadow,
And light with sun and barbed as sun through rain.
Beyond, a rug of golden grass
With long, luxuriant nap for a royal lady
Leads to the Alley of Oranges,
A narrow way and shady,
Where one might lurk—a ghost or a man might pass.
Her limpid eyes reflect bent images
Of green unstirred and gold unmoving;
What clouds those rounded mirrors with discontent?
Is it a fear of dying or a fear of loving?
No shape of fabulous beast nor shape of human
Flicks them into such fervor as was meant
To quicken any queen or any sweet woman.

The Queen looks over the crystal-still enclosure
Made by a monarch for her sole delight;
But that enchanter with the one philter for her
Comes not upon her sight.

This Week

"Science and First Principles."
Reviewed by H. B. SMITH.

"The Martial Spirit."
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"Mexican Maze."
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"The American Black Chamber."
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"Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism."
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"Simpson—a Life."
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"From Day to Day."
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Watching Lips Move.
By STELLA BENSON.

Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

Next Week, or Later

Literary History.
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Thoughts after a Centenary

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE subtitle of this article might be "Thoughts after a Centenary, or, the Need of Another Post-Mortem." The need is so obvious that another autopsy is imperative. It is, furthermore, imminent.

The year 1930 marked the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Emily Dickinson. Celebrating the event, there appeared Genevieve Taggard's "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson," Josephine Pollitt's "Emily Dickinson: The Human Background," Macgregor Jenkins's "Emily Dickinson: Friend and Neighbor" and his hysterical novel "Emily," Susan Glaspell's prize-winning drama "Alison's House," the amplified edition of the hitherto incomplete "Complete Poems," chapters by Matthew Josephson and Amy Lowell, as well as some hundred shorter and more ephemeral appraisals. Miss Taggard's volume was, by far, the best of the reëstimations. But, though the work was distinguished by poetic identification and fine writing, her research was conditioned, if not marred, by a pseudo-Freudian program, an inadequate representation of Colonel T. W. Higginson's relation to the poet, and incredible misinterpretations of some of the finest of her poems. Moreover, Miss Taggard, with a minim of evidence and a magnum of speculation—and a determination to supply a new "life story"—indulged in so many ifs and perhapses that her book was all but negligible as biography.

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Similarly concerned with documenting the fiction and relieving anonymity of its burdens, Miss Pollitt supplied the world with a new and hitherto unsuspected lover for the withdrawn heroine. But, lacking Miss Taggard's pungency, Miss Pollitt also lacked her persuasiveness, and so merely substituted—or attempted to substitute—a new but unbelievable legend for an old and implausible one. Miss Glaspell's play of what happened thirty years after the death of Emily Dickinson, with the estate and its imbroglio moved to the Middle West, mingled sharp gossip and shrewd guesswork, but failed of a finality either as drama or definition. Martha Dickinson Bianchi, adding nothing and subtracting nothing from her vaguely outlined story of the frustrated affair in Philadelphia, contented herself with a few generalities by way of introduction to the 1930 edition of the "Poems." Readers waited for Emily Dickinson's niece to affirm, amplify, or repudiate; to say six definite sentences that would clarify the situation; to explain the too-mysterious discovery of the "Further Poems," variously stated to have been suppressed or buried or withheld by sister Lavinia. But not a phrase was forthcoming. A new life was announced—"Emily Dickinson and her Family," by Martha Dickinson Bianchi, scheduled for publication in the autumn of 1930—but it did not appear. Sinai rumbled, but not even a mouse of fact issued from the mountain of rumor.

The world—the biographical world—was left to choose among three unsupported and unconvincing stories: 1. (Miss Taggard's) That Emily loved George Gould, an undergraduate of Amherst, but bade him farewell forever when her father disapproved of him, and, as a result of the youthful frustration, became a recluse, refused to see her closest friends, remained hovering wraith-like in the hall when music was played for her in the parlor, and grew so neurotic about public appearance that she would not even address her letters, but had others make out the envelopes; 2. (Miss Pollitt's) That Emily loved Edward Bissell Hunt, a Major in the U. S. Army, but suppressed her passion (and herself)

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since he was the husband of her best friend; 3. (Mme. Bianchi's) That, in her early twenties, returning from "a winter in Washington"—one of Emily's letters to Mrs. Holland says more exactly "we were three weeks in Washington"—Emily fell recklessly in love with a minister whose name is not given but who is supposed to be the Reverend Charles Wadsworth, discovered he was married, fled to her home in Amherst, was pursued by her infatuated inamorato, made the great abnegation, and spent the rest of her life enshrining him in her gnomic verse.

There is a fourth choice, a suggestion made by the present writer and corroborated in this *Review* by Mabel Loomis Todd, Emily Dickinson's first editor. It was suggested that, possibly there was no love story at all; none, at least, in the physical sense; that, as a poet, a particularly sensitive soul, and an inward-living woman, Emily Dickinson dramatized her sense of loss, dwelling more intensely than ever in her poetry, her retirement being the natural outcome of an unnaturally timid nature. But this interpretation, held by Emily's brother Austin and sister Lavinia, and emphasized by Mrs. Todd, lacks the romantic color, the dramatic pathos, the half-withheld whispering that we demand of a tradition—especially about poets who happen to be women. It is too level, even too likely, to make a legend. Readers are thus rudely returned to the three-horned dilemma of a trinity of stories, each of which contradicts the other at every important point and for none of which is there any ultimate authority.

There remains the far more important matter of Emily Dickinson's writings. Here, one would imagine there is no reason for contradiction or speculation; the record must be clear if not complete. The contrary is true. We have yet to possess a volume in which all the words of the most gifted woman who ever wrote in America are set down as she wrote them, free of error, recognizable as the poet's final intention. Nor is this as strange as it seems. Though instead of being the unconsciously "possessed" visionary that certain admirers have portrayed, Emily Dickinson planned her effects carefully, often rewriting the same poem several times and carefully copying the verses on sheets of note paper, she never prepared a single poem for the press. The work of editing remained for her editors who have performed the task with varying degrees of accuracy and imagination. It was no easy task, for, besides the difficulties of deciphering faded manuscript and the greater hazard of arranging lines that seldom showed an orthodox division or punctuation, there was the choice of epithet. Variants of the same verse were often encountered; not infrequently a manuscript would show the poet's hesitation among several adjectives and no final decision indicated. Small errors in taste and transcription were thus bound to creep in. But one wonders what need was there, in each successive edition, to perpetuate them?

The very arrangement is a case in point. When, four years after the poet's death, Colonel Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd sponsored the first series of Emily Dickinson's unknown poems in 1890—the rare little gray and white volume with the silver Indian pipes—it was thought expedient to divide the volume in four parts entitled "Life," "Nature," "Love," "Time and Eternity." This evidently served its purpose, as a publisher's device, or a concession, or as a four-part portfolio, for the editors were faced with a mass of unpublished manuscript—countless letters, literally more than a thousand poems—and a sister (Lavinia) prodding them on to publication. But, after three volumes of poetry had appeared, it became evident that the divisions were not only contrary to Emily Dickinson's non-categorical spirit, but were worse than arbitrary, that many of the poems were actually given a false implication by being so tabulated, and that a new alignment was necessary. Yet the latest Centenary edition (1930) follows the divisions slavishly, divisions which the reader should bear in mind were invented neither by Emily Dickinson nor the present editor. Any other arrangement—even a merely alphabetical one—would be an improvement. A chronological arrangement would be better still. Perhaps this would be best of all since it would not only be a boon to students of her style, but might well throw some light on the development of the interior drama. It may be objected that this is an impossible project since few, if any, of Emily Dickinson's manuscripts are dated. But that is a minor obstacle. The kinds of paper used furnish sufficient clues. Besides, Emily's letters, with her characteristic and changing penmanship, are all dated accurately enough by her first editor and the changes in her handwriting are definite. They define three periods. It might be impossible to assign the exact month to any one verse, but it would require no expert in chirography to separate the poems into "Early," "Middle," and "Late" periods, and so to a more meticulous comparison and correlation. No poetry has ever needed rearrangement as much as Emily Dickinson's and none has had so little benefit of editorial examination.

So far I have been concerned with matters of speculation and taste. I come now to the graver matters of error in transcription and error by omission. Let me take up the first. I am not in possession of a single manuscript and I have looked over only a few of the originals. But since my short study of an isolated case or two and happy chance have yielded more than I hoped for, I suspect that many surprises would result from a thorough reëxamination of the material—a labor that would require the energy of an Amy Lowell and the pertinacity of a Leslie Hotson. For example, there is the extraordinary cryptic verse quoted in the 1930 edition of the "Poems":

> The zeros taught us phosphorus,
> We learned to like the fire
> By handling glaciers when a boy,
> And tinder guessed by power
> Of opposite to equal ought,
> Eclipses sums imply
> Paralysis our primer numb
> Unto vitality.

Here a fine variant of a poem already quoted in "Life and Letters" is reduced to gibberish by an obviously incorrect transcription. Emily's debated obscurity vanishes when the sixth line is purged of its error which, incidentally, has crept in since Mrs. Todd's volume of "Letters"; for, since each thing implies its opposite, eclipses imply "suns"—not "sums"! Similarly (in the "Life and Letters") Emily is quoted as saying that "Paul took the marine walk at great risk." Surely this is careless copying, for Emily knew her Bible too well to rob Peter of his adventure merely to pay Paul a tribute.

Other instances could be multiplied. In the "Further Poems," presumably discovered (or recovered) in 1929, there appeared the lines beginning "To disappear enchances" (page 197, though not listed in the Index of First Lines), Mme. Bianchi's footnote reading "the first three stanzas have never before been published." Yet the stanzas had appeared twice—once in Mabel Loomis Todd's "Letters of Emily Dickinson" (Volume 1, page 323) and once in Mme. Bianchi's own "Life and Letters" (page 303).

The matter of Emily Dickinson's portraits is equally confusing. The world is familiar with two—one obviously misrepresentative, the other obviously "faked." The first—the picture of a little child about nine years old—is copied from a canvas made by some journeyman painter who painted, in the convention of his day, Emily and her brother; the result being scarcely the Dickinson children, but nothing more than a stereotype of Child. The other and more familiar picture is even more of a counterfeit presentment—using the adjective in its worst sense. It is the one that acts as frontispiece to both "Life and Letters" and the centenary "Poems." "From a photograph retouched by Laura Coombs Hills," runs the accompanying legend to the befrilled and patently modernized miniature. But were there photographs in 1847 when Emily was seventeen? And if so, why has the original never been reproduced? And how is Mme. Bianchi's sponsorship of the "photograph" to jibe with her statement (in "The Single Hound," page XVI) "Since there is no portrait of Aunt Emily?" And why is this picture of Emily in her teens accompanied by a signature of her last period?

We are left with a host of unanswered questions. Why, returning to Mme. Bianchi, has Emily's niece said so little about her own father? Letters revealing Emily's closeness to her brother have been printed, but we know little more about this dynamic personality. Is it not strange that in a volume devoted to the Dickinsons, embellished with portraits of Helen Hunt and Samuel Bowles and Maria Whitney, there is not even a likeness of Austin Dickinson? In the interests of scholarship—to say nothing of art—an editor should respect even if he does not mention his sources. Yet what credit do the recent editions pay to the pioneering industry of Colonel Higginson and Mrs. Todd? The two volumes of letters compiled by Mrs. Todd in 1894 have been liberally drawn upon by Mme. Bianchi for the 1924 "Life and Letters," yet some of Emily's most revealing touches are missing and the 1894 edition is out of print. Several of the best letters are omitted. So are many of the verses. There are almost a hundred poems contained in the 1894 series of letters which one cannot find in the current "Poems of Emily Dickinson," supposedly complete. There are batches of letters known to exist which have never been allowed publication.

There is need for sharper scrutiny than this work has yet received—textually, chronologically, comprehensively. A general editorial overhauling is indicated. Were this the remains of some minor versifier or criticaster it would not matter. But we are confronted with one of the chief figures in our literature, "the greatest woman poet of the English language." We should have an accurate Emily Dickinson, and we should have her complete.

[*There should be an "Amherst Edition" of the prose and poetry of Emily Dickinson, sponsored by Amherst College, and edited by a group of scholars in collaboration with Mme. Bianchi.*—THE EDITOR.]

A New Philosophy

SCIENCE AND FIRST PRINCIPLES. By F. S. C. NORTHROP. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by H. B. SMITH
University of Pennsylvania

THE philosopher without science is empty, the scientist without philosophy is blind. And be it said in advance that Mr. Northrop's "Science and First Principles" is neither empty nor blind. Relativity, quantum and wave mechanics, the nature of life and the particular nature of man are tied together by a new monadology which seems to have a certain kinship with Bruno and his infinite worlds, and which is not afraid to acknowledge its debt to the Greeks. One examines history to revive issues that are dead, to discover possibilities that have been overlooked. And here one finds that sympathetic understanding of the past that betokens the mind already ripe. Moreover the author has a competing theory of his own in opposition to those now at large in the world. It is the theory of the macrocosmic atom.

"In opposition to the contingent changing forms which the kinetic microcosmic principles of our theory introduces, there is also the eternal perfect spherical form which the macrocosmic atom imposes. The presence of this atom with its spherical form throws an entirely new light upon the foundations of logic and reason in man and nature. In it we have a form which is a cause of the order of nature and the organization and intelligence of man."

For the foundations of a theory one must look (among other things) to its mathematical dress. But these chapters are lectures addressed to a popular audience. The system awaits a more technical development. Nevertheless, if one would know the outcome as applied to man's consciousness, it is this:

"When one senses what it is to be one's self, the atoms of our theory are joined to the knowing subject by the relation of identity; one knows the atoms that constitute one's self and nature by being immediately aware of what it is to *be* them. Now, I am conscious. Hence they must be also. . . . Man has a subjective character and is conscious . . . because the ultimate atomic entities of which everything is constituted have psychical as well as physical and formal properties. Man is conscious because he *is* the entities of the macroscopic atomic theory . . . and these atoms are inherently conscious."

And if one would know at once the outcome or a part of the outcome for theology, it is this:

"The spherical shell of the macrocosmic atom is a tremendous object off at the edge of the whole physical universe. This is God in the awe-inspiring, overwhelming, transcendental sense. But the inner field of this atom is in each one of us. This is God in the immanent sense. In fact, the body of man is partially the body of God. If this be true, then, since the consciousness of man is but the consciousness of his constituent materials, the actual calm, perfect, conscious, rational experience of God is literally in the foundation of our own conscious nature."

But these "outcomes" as here set forth are truncated parts divorced of their context like some organ dissected from the body-whole. If the reader would know this rich mind, which is the author, he must read for himself. A new and fresh philosophy lies in store for him.

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Our War with Spain

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT. By WALTER MILLIS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931.

Reviewed by WILLIAM E. SHEA

TUCKED away in a note of bibliographical acknowledgment, between Chapter XIV and the Index of "The Martial Spirit," is a statement by the author that, to the reader "it may seem that I have stressed the satiric aspects of the [Spanish-American] War." This is a lapse into supererogation. That Mr. Millis has focussed on the events and personages of the Spanish American War which will best illustrate his conviction that all wars are stupid and ridiculous, will be apparent to any one who even reads his table of contents and looks at his illustrations. The book is satiric, but also it is a tremendously interesting and stimulating study of that vicious malady of nations, the propensity of people collectively to seek for an antagonist and murder him.

As a satirist Mr. Millis most definitely has "the goods." His style has verve and sparkle and he possesses ability amounting almost to genius for bringing out the ludicrous in situations which nobody up to now has realized were funny. I cannot recall any book on history which yields up so many sardonic chuckles to the page. That the humor is in a few places cruel, and in one or two instances misplaced, is natural and forgivable. Happily the author does not make the mistake of pitching his book to too high a key throughout, but instead secures heightened effectiveness for his "situations" by frequently reverting to "straight" writing—many of these oases being endowed with a romantic and mystical beauty. In illustration, here is the way he pictures the emotions evoked by the arrival of American troop ships off the south coast of Cuba:

> During the day they caught occasional glimpses of the high mountain peaks of Cuba itself standing silent and remote in the blue distance—the land about which they had all heard so much; that strange, romantic, and for some obscure reason important, island, with its queer Spanish place-names, sonorous and fascinating; with its memories of the old, high power of imperial Spain blending with the mystery and color of the tropics and tropic seas—the island which they had come to conquer upon the old trail of the Conquistadores.

"The Martial Spirit" treads on many toes, smashes much crockery, and plays havoc generally with practically all of the glamorous and kindly and romantic memories we Americans have been holding of our war with Spain. It shows the American statesmen of the period, with few exceptions, as either knavish or witless, and in many cases both. It pictures the great Dewey violating Navy tradition and pulling political wires to get command of the Asiatic Squadron, and assenting to the proposal of the too enterprising Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, that in the event of war he would proceed to Manila and destroy the "ancient and helpless war vessels" of the Spanish Asiatic Squadron—an adventure in statecraft which bids fair to find its termination a generation later in independence for the Filipinos—at the behest of wrathful American beet-sugar interests. It shows the flimsiness of the evidence on which a case was made against Spain in connection with the sinking of the Maine, which "did in fact destroy herself, through the intervention of no outside agency save an act of God." It shows the Peerless Leader succumbing to the lure of martial life and drum and donning a colonel's uniform, and naively hoping that a Republican administration would give him and his Nebraska volunteers a place on the firing line. It brings to light again the fetid story of the "embalmed beef" fed to the troops, the riotous confusion in the training camps, the breakdown of the supply services, the blundering and worse of officers of both services. It asserts that it was not the superior fighting ability of the Americans that won Santiago but the skill of the elephantine General Shafter at the fine old American art of bluff. The only strategy worthy of the name was "Fighting Joe" Wheeler's outmanoeuvering of General Lawton so as to be first to have the honor of coming to grips with the Spaniards—with almost catastrophic results to himself and the troops he led. It reveals that our sympathy for Cuba was largely misplaced and that it owed its origin to a mendacious but effective press bureau maintained in the United States by the Cuban revolutionary forces, and to the sensational journalism of two New York newspaper publishers, Joseph Pulitzer of the *World* and William Randolph Hearst of the *Journal*.

With only one of Mr. Millis's judgments, his treatment of McKinley, am I disposed to disagree. He puts that much abused gentleman far down on the list of our Presidents, far down, even, on the list of our Republican Presidents. He endorses unreservedly Spanish Minister Dupuy de Lome's "accurate" characterization of McKinley, contained in the inexcusably brash letter de Lome sent to a friend in Cuba (which found its way into Hearst's hands and was published, with resulting disgrace for de Lome and incalculable damage to Spain):

> McKinley is weak and a bidder for the admiration of the crowd, besides being a common politician who tries to leave a door open behind himself while keeping on good terms with the jingoes of his party.

Now, McKinley was not a Washington nor a Lincoln, nor even a Cleveland, but he was far from being the hypocritical weakling de Lome described him as being. Any estimate of the works of a public man which presumes to be fair must take into account conditioning factors such as national psychology, the play of interwoven forces, social, political, and economic. It remains to be proven that a "strong" man in McKinley's place could have functioned better than he. Mr. Millis condemns

Illustration, by Diego Rivera, for "Mexican Maze."

McKinley because he did not keep us out of war. Considering the temper of the American people in 1898, exasperated beyond endurance by the years and decades of bloodshed and disorder and pestilence at our very doorstep, irritated by Spain's procrastinating diplomacy, could any man occupying the Presidency have prevented the war? And if he had, can we be certain that such a course would have been more honorable, more humane, or in any other way better in the long run than the patient, forebearing, and finally uncompromising policy adopted and followed by McKinley?

Mexico from the Inside

MEXICAN MAZE. By CARLETON BEALS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. BEAL'S "Mexican Maze" is itself rather mazy. It isn't, like Flandrau's little "Viva Mexico!" of happy memory, something complete within its own prescribed limits; the impressions, done *con amore*, of an outsider's urbane and adult mind. It isn't the work of a historian or statesman, although it touches the stuff of each, and ventures into rather windy literary and artistic criticism. It contains much "fine writing" and writing that might have been clipped from any newspaper special article. It hops from estheticism of the primitive to topical pamphleteering on oil and imperialism, and even drops occasionally into routine travelogue.

Mr. Beals beat his way down into Mexico a dozen years or so ago, a rambunctious young rebel against what he regarded as the Babbittry of his native land. The country and people charmed him, as they have many Americans. He caught on and stayed there; found, in somewhat different shape, emotional nourishment similar to that which many volunteer expatriates find in Europe; was caught up, in the nature of things, by the vitality of the revolution; wrote a book or two, many articles, and began to take himself, as writer and interpreter, pretty seriously.

He has seen a lot of Mexico and Mexican life; poked, on foot and on horseback, into all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Just now, he would appear to be in the state of mind of those who have, as they say in the tropics, "missed too many boats." He is too far in, that is to say, to look at things as the frankly detached outsider, and yet has suffered enough disillusions not to be able simply to swallow his adopted habitat whole and drift there in a sentimental dream. His new book has the solid value of his first-hand observations; the disunity of his own inner feelings; and it is marred pretty generally by his fierce determination to make the reader sit up and take notice of him as a writer, cost what it may.

Nothing so hard for Mr. Beals, apparently, as to say what he has to say in simple, direct English. Everything must be spiced up, "dramatized," even nature's routine. The sun can never merely "shine"; it must "stab," at the very least. A troop of horsemen can't merely disappear over the top of the trail; they must "vanish from a sheer skyline that sent the eye hurtling down over a vast empire to the Pacific." Of course one knows what he means. There's grandeur in "them thar hills" and we mustn't miss it; but the picture of Mr. Beals's optic bouncing down the mountainside like a stray rubber-ball is not at all what he really intended. This sort of over-emphasis and loose picturesqueness is characteristic and the reader soon rebels at it.

* * *

In a Montmartre café, Mr. Beals discovers a former Mexican Cabinet Minister drinking with a pair of cocottes. The language roundabout is naturally French; or, as Mr. Beals must needs have it, "the sweet snarl of a greedy foreign tongue in his ears," and the former Minister is not only carousing but "kneading the white flesh of poison-sweet breasts with heavy, brown fingers." Well, maybe so. But in this too evident straining to impress, as in other similar references to women, the reader's attention is inevitably distracted from the matter supposedly in hand to the fact that the author is going to some pains to show that he, too, knows his way about, and at being a devil with the ladies is himself no slouch.

In his comments on Mexican writers and painters, Mr. Beals falls into quite the Carribbean custom of describing his subject by calling on all the literary heroes from Homer down. The author of "Periquillo Sarniento" has "pitiless insight and tremendous humor," "Dickensonian flare (sic)," "a flare of Smollett and Fielding. And so far as social scope goes, the sweep is Balzacian." And so on.

Against these characteristic mannerisms, it is a pleasure to quote such an admirable passage as that about the villagers of upland Milpa Alta, "never swept into the stream of what the world calls progress":

> The dwellers of Milpa Alta do not argue with their own quaint beliefs; they are willing to call all outsiders "*gente de razón*—reasoning beings"; they prefer, simply, to live, leaving logic to habit. There is a beauty of daily existence we can never know. Life swings through its elemental cycles; the blood answers the rhythm of the days and the rhythm of the seasons. Milpa Alta stirs with the chickens; it sleeps at the fall of night. There is a true inwardness of spirit in the people; they are content with little, even in the way of food. They will spend hours making beautiful things which have scant market value. There is pride of workmanship. There is the satisfaction of working well with simple tools and materials, of creating objects which require much calm and patience. The people have fortitude. They are not weighted down by a frenzied desire to improve their standards of living. They are not envious of those endowed with this world's goods. They are not burdened with consciousness of their poverty as is the European peasant; they do not fret because they do not sit in the social sun; nature's sun is sufficient.
>
> Is this too placid an existence? Perhaps. Yet they are far happier, I am convinced, than a New York office clerk, cogged in eight hours of routine, flinging his pleasure into evenings that have no coördination with his day or his tasks. The American lives in compartments of uncorrelated action. The Mexican peasant's life is one texture. Work is pleasure; and pleasure is work. The day, for him, is woven into a unity, satisfying in its completeness.
>
> Is this too animal an existence? Certainly it is elemental, but not animal. The Indian's handicrafts, his love of mystery, his courtesy, his fearsome poetic awe of all things on the face of nature—these tasks and emotions are, as far as we know, not animal in their nature. He asks little of the universe and receives much.
>
> His island universe, probably, is doomed to extinction—and soon. Yet somehow, sometime, the world will have to rediscover, in new form, the essential values which he knows and cherishes.

This passage puts, in simple, human shape, one of the author's more significant points of view and its implications. Territorial absorption of Mexico by the United States he thinks would be disastrous for all concerned. The peace and happiness of both countries would best be served by Mexico's maintaining

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its political independence and as soon as possible achieving its economic independence. The machine will come to Mexico, and gas-stations, hot-dog stands, and other blessings. No one can foresee what modern industrialism will do to the native culture, but Mr. Beals has faith in its patient vitality, and feels that out of the present maze, with Indian, colonial Spanish, and contemporary American influences grotesquely twisted, there will emerge a people in whose life the fundamental Indian elements will thrust upward with increasing force.

Diego Rivera's illustrations add immensely to the book, which is the June choice of the Book League of America.

A Game of Governments

THE AMERICAN BLACK CHAMBER. By HERBERT O. YARDLEY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1931.

Reviewed by WALTER S. ROGERS

SIMPLY as entertainment this exposé of the genteel business of getting hold of other people's telegrams, decoding and deciphering them, and utilizing the information, is well worth the price, for it is written with sprightliness and interspersed with startling and amusing tidbits. To a person with curiosity to know something of what goes on behind official draperies, it provides more than entertainment, and this even though it is quite impossible to check up on many of its statements and incidents.

Seemingly, in war time it is decent—and sensible—to carry on espionage in order to learn all one can about enemy plans, and it is a mere incident that among other things this involves using beautiful women and unlovely counterfeiters and safecrackers, and employing numerous practices that finicky folks from the country sniff at as unsavory. Both sides play the same game, and to the cryptographer and other participants it is a matter of professional pride to outdo the other fellow.

The writer of "The American Black Chamber" states that he was told in London during the war that "Captain Hitchings, their most brilliant cryptographer, was worth four divisions to the British Army." The more one learns about the late struggle to ruin or save democracy the more one wonders as to the relative importance of the men who merely did the actual fighting in the field!

The Allies were seemingly more or less willing to swap information, surreptitiously obtained, that might be useful in helping to defeat the enemy. But their devotion to one another did not go much beyond that. They foresaw a peace conference and rivalries not only during it but afterwards. While the author found the French military officials willing to cooperate, he was shuttled back and forth and finally balked in his efforts to get a peek into La Chambre Noire where he felt certain that foreign diplomatic messages were being deciphered.

* * *

After doing their stuff at the Peace Conference the American cryptographers betook themselves to New York where, secretly housed, they continued to decipher such diplomatic messages as they could get their hands on. How they obtained copies of the messages the author leaves delightfully vague. In this regard many other countries have an edge on the United States, for they either operate the telegraphs, or have chummy relations with privately operated systems.

In New York the principal achievements of Major Yardley and his assistants appear to have been the deciphering of numerous official messages having to do with the negotiations preceding and during the Washington Arms Conference, thus providing American officials with bootleg information, and the breaking of the exceptionally difficult Japanese cipher.

Whether there is any ethical justification for a man putting in a book knowledge acquired while holding a confidential government position, or whether there is any ethical justification for a government by hook or by crook getting hold of the diplomatic messages of another and deciphering them, are questions each reader is free to pass on for himself. Curious lines may be drawn. Major Yardley tells of an American official—a Catholic—who when for the first time brought in touch with the work of the American Black Chamber waxed enthusiastic over the skill with which foreign government messages were being deciphered but froze when he learned that Vatican messages were also being studied!

The Major himself seems to have no qualms in regard to his work or his actions. To him, apparently, there are in his field no nice distinctions to be made between peace time and war time—and perhaps in these days of grace he is right. He does reveal, however, one of those curious professional attitudes which amuse the outsider. It is necessary for governments to have codes and ciphers. Their preparation can only be intrusted safely to experts. These in turn acquire much of their skill in trying to break the codes and ciphers of other governments. They must work continuously as only thus can they keep up with new developments and be familiar with the lines of reasoning employed by foreign cryptographers.

Despite such reasoning, and despite the inside information which the experts had made available, a new Secretary of State, when informed of the existence of the American Black Chamber, according to Major Yardley, ordered its discontinuance. To quote the Major "the Secretary had the courage—or was it naiveté?—to announce that diplomatic correspondence must be inviolate." Obviously this is a position that Major Yardley deems absurd if the United States is to be kept informed of the attitudes, purposes, and plans of other governments.

At one time, when there was a possibility of the American Black Chamber becoming known publicly, Major Yardley's concern was not that foreign governments would protest, for in his opinion most of them were doing the same thing. Whether all the governments became virtuous at the same time and still remain so is perhaps problematical. In any event many people "in the know" chuckle at the idea.

During the World War the censorship, involving decipherment of messages, was increasingly used to secure economic information which was used to further trade and financial control. This subject is not dealt with in this book. But it is one of vital concern to bankers and businessmen, who are quite as naive as some of the diplomats, referred to by Major Yardley, in thinking that a code and cipher give security. However, the Major says that indecipherable methods of communication can be devised and that when in common use the cryptographer will join the down and outs.

Coleridge on Shakespeare

COLERIDGE'S SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM. Edited by THOMAS MIDDLETOWN RAYSOR. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1930. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE
Yale University

THE extreme difficulty of the task Professor Raysor has performed in these two volumes is equaled by its extreme importance. He has given us the means of determining much more definitely than hitherto what S. T. C. was really thinking about Shakespeare during the decade between his thirty-sixth and his forty-sixth year, when the exposition of Shakespeare's art was the chief outlet of Coleridge's still powerful though capricious genius. The matter must remain elusive, even apart from its inherent delicacy, for—with the exception of the grand psychological analysis of Shakespeare's earliest poems which forms a chapter of "Biographia Literaria"—Coleridge prepared little for publication. His ideas occur as variously as gold in nature: sometimes in nuggets of pure metal on the margins and interleaves of the several copies of Shakespeare's work that he thus "spoiled" for their owners; sometimes as ores of diverse and questionable richness in the reports of lecture and table-talk prepared by such suspected persons as J. P. Collier or the anonymous journalists of London and Bristol.

Professor Raysor has made a thorough study of nearly all the extant records bearing on Coleridge's study of Shakespeare: the manuscripts in possession of the Coleridge family, the marginalia and lecture fragments in the British Museum, the digests of lectures in contemporary newspapers, and the rich private papers of Henry Crabb Robinson in Dr. Williams's Library. The result has been to uncover a great body of new material, and (what is almost more valuable) to purge the previously printed notes of the many errors of wording and sequence which Coleridge's harrassed literary executors introduced. A long Introduction on Coleridge's relation to earlier English critics of Shakespeare and to the Germans (Herder, Lessing, Schiller, Richter, and particularly Schlegel) is well reasoned and notably well informed. "Schlegel," says Professor Raysor, "powerfully influenced Coleridge, but not in Coleridge's chief contribution to Shakespearean criticism," which he rightly takes to be Coleridge's studies of Shakespeare's characters as distinguished from esthetic philosophy.

In many matters of pure scholarship—such as the chronology of Shakespeare's works, the history of the Elizabethan theatres, or the interpretation of textual difficulties—Coleridge's opinions are often as obsolete to-day as would be the opinions of his contemporary, Sir Humphrey Davy, on the subject of chemistry; and some of his generalizations on Shakespeare's being "always moral and modest" and his genius being "superhuman" are so dated as to leave us cold: but the self-satisfaction of later minds is constantly humbled by passages in which Coleridge speaks a truth that no riper knowledge is likely to supersede in words that could hardly be more radiantly expressive.

Of Coleridge as a lecturer we learn a great deal that is instructive. Of course his lectures varied in excellence even more than those of lesser men. His friends felt two great responsibilities: that of getting him to the lecture hall at the appointed hour (and, to their credit or the lecturer's, this nearly always happened), and that of beguiling him to reread beforehand the work announced for discussion (and here the broadest hints were seldom effectual). The auditors frequently had to report that he was "in a disgressing vein" or that he "wasted his time on the introduction to the introduction." Sometimes he was "excellent and very German," and sometimes merely "more German than English." Once even the alert and admiring Robinson confessed a wasted evening: "At Coleridge's lecture, where I slept," and once he recorded that though the auditorium was full, the party was "in a satirical mood and made sneering remarks." But regularly Coleridge improved as the course proceeded and before the close was "very eloquent and popular," and "recovering his lost character among the Saints" (i. e., the bourgeois hearers).

The continuing demand for Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare over ten years or more, on the part of different types of audiences, argues their general acceptability at least, and the large amount of manuscript criticism which he left us shows that, though he would seldom put his thoughts completely on paper and in lecturing would only occasionally parrallel what he had written, yet he had indeed devoted to Shakespeare many of his hours of intensest vision.

The village of Crawley, Hampshire, which Thackeray described in "Vanity Fair," calling it "Queen's Crawley," has lately come up for sale. Thackeray often stayed in the village.

A Balanced Ration

DEATH AND TAXES. By DOROTHY PARKER. *Viking.*

A volume of poems which proves its author's powers to have widened and mellowed while her cleverness has lost nothing of its spice.

FATHER. By ELIZABETH. *Doubleday, Doran.*

A characteristically entertaining "Elizabeth" novel in which the surface gaiety offsets the underlying satire.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW. *Little, Brown.*

A volume of large importance to the historian and of much interest to the layman.

The Saturday Review
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A Nurse's Tale

SIMPSON—A LIFE. By EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by ELINOR MORDAUNT

HERE is a book—a real book, as rare as a real person.

It is indeed a world in which one lives and which one cannot get away from: a book difficult to put down, but for all that a book which one cannot keep on with, get through at a sitting. For it is altogether too much for one, like the atmosphere of a mountain top or a greenhouse, sometimes one sometimes another. It is like no book I have ever read, while the main character in it is taken from a profession, a vocation rather—over which I have often pondered, but to which, so far as I know, no one has ever devoted an entire book:—to wit a child's nurse: a woman who has as true a vocation for that and for nothing else as any "religeuse" could have for her faith.

One cannot, need not, say that Simpson is English—she is more than that, she *is* England itself. Belonging to a family of innumerable Simpsons she begins with the care and mothering of her own younger brothers and sisters, meagerly provided for in that direction by a completely selfish mother who breeds like a rabbit. At first, indeed, in the jam of this villa-com-cave life, Simpson is Ruth, steadfast, alone and serene in the midst of a greedy and tumultuous medley of youngsters and elders: in a house of which one can smell the linoleum: with meals one can smell: with brothers and sisters whose soulless, sordid love affairs, uninspired matings, revolt her.

She is a born mother but she does not want children of her own, born of her body, any more than she could endure the thought of a mate such as the altogether worthy Charles Tallyman, with whom she would be forced to share them. All this business of producing the children which she comes to own, is, indeed, left to others.

To her every child is like the Queen Bee to be ministered to by this determinedly barren and altogether devoted virgin: the worker-bee which is herself. In no sort of way is she a martyr: but in every sort of way is she the essence of calm and firm, of altogether capable and unemotional devotion—so far as her children are concerned.

* * *

Scrupulous as she is in her determination not to engross the affection of the children, or play upon their emotions, to see to it that they put their fathers and mothers before anyone else, they are *her* children. Within her solid person—growing more and more solid each year—beneath the wide and spotless apron, the dark brown dress—is the temple of her heart and mind where family after family of children, child after child, unforgotten and unchanged, has its place: standing in the niche of its own window.

Her brown bonnet becomes more and more firmly settled upon her basket plaits; in moving she moves as though she is pushing a perambulator. One sees her, tipping the pram up over the curb, a symbol of difficulties overcome, instead of fussed over: one smells the very stuff of her clothing: the shining linen of her aprons, the slightly mustier smell of her brown dress: the smell of a person who is so modest, so used to occupying a room with curious-eyed children, that—however clean she may be—she dresses and undresses herself completely under the shelter of her nightgown; while, however she may wash or dress herself, the one thing one longs for is to be able to lay one's head down upon that capable and kindly shoulder; hear her murmuring:—"There, there now."

The children are less successful. The Torrent children, in Simpson's first situation, are wan and ghostlike. The eldest Price-Stables child is credible and yet scarcely alive; and the other three are names. Martin Witherspoon, the albino, is in a way terrible, but in another, a strange way, he is more credible than the others. If one only knew what was normal and what abnormal one might say that it was with the latter, at least so far as children are concerned, that Mr. Sackville-West finds it easiest to deal: that agonized wonder, as of a ghost in an unknown house, which overcomes some children in regard to their own bodies, their horror of them, is wonderfully conceived—or more likely remembered—and written about here.

There is a growing unreality. In addition, there is an involved and continuous use of metaphors. To say that the inside of a child's ear is like a shell may be commonplace, but it is true: to say that it resembles the outlook from a window upon a snowy day, or a snowy day in any way resembles it, is a mere straining after effect, as much so as the fancied likeness of a frozen lake to a black, burnt stain upon a snowy landscape. In ways like this "Simpson—A Life" falls below the perfect sequence of "Miss Mole" which in so many ways it resembles.

For all that, though it is more confused, it is more colorful, and after all what does any sort of intricate metaphor or phantasmagoria matter so long as Simpson herself remains: Simpson with her unswerving sanity and kindness: so unswerving and so kind that in the end one is left with a queer idea that Mr. Sackville-West may regard her as a sort of embodiment of God; her children as the mad, richly unreasonable creatures we all are.

The author may, in time, write a better, more even book, but it is pretty certain that neither he or anyone else will ever be able to create a surer figure.

COLETTE

Youth and Enigma

THE GENTLE LIBERTINE. By COLETTE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.50.

THE enigmatic black eyes of young girls have been looking out at us from the canvases of Marie Laurencin at exhibitions, in shops, and on the covers of magazines for many seasons. And who has known how much of innocence lay behind their lacquered surfaces, or how much the hint of something quite other than innocence was being hidden behind their opaqueness?

Minnie, the gentle libertine, has these same intriguing black eyes. Innocence does lie behind them, and also a great deal of that something quite other than innocence. As a child she is small and slim, black-eyed and silver-haired, with a cool aloofness from life. She studies, attends to little tasks, and obeys mamma. Apparently. Actually, she devours licentious tales and indulges in amorous dreams of herself in the arms of an unknown Apache. The drawing of this complex and alluring little girl is a masterpiece in miniature. There is never a shade too much and yet the shadows bank to full blackness. Colette has the perfection of expression that leaves the reader doubtful often whether he has not, instead of the author, put certain meanings into certain passages. One creates, as one goes along, this perverse child that only Colette could have imagined.

As a foil to the fluid and shimmering character of little Minnie there stands her heavy, adolescent cousin, half in love with her and half afraid of her, and wholly unable to follow her strange beckonings. With these two young creatures Colette weaves her spell of different youth. She has nothing to say of happy, healthy childhood, that story has been told too often before. But her gentle libertine might have lived at any time—might have lived the day after any time, we should have said—for Minnie is a culmination requiring time to evolve.

The second half of "The Gentle Libertine" takes up Minnie as a young wife. It is amusing and daring in its record of lovers disconcerted by Minnie's calm and ruthless search for something no lover can give; its "happy ending" is very sly; but the black-eyed little girl is gone. Minnie should never have grown up.

Among the English authors who pay large sums in income-tax in the United States is Bernard Shaw, who, according to official estimation draws, on an average, $80,000 a year from America in royalties on his plays.

Divided Personality

FROM DAY TO DAY. By FERDYNAND GOETEL. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

IT sometimes seems that authors in their striving after new forms have actually become more interested in novelties than in novels. How many short stories since "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" have been bound together on some specious ground of propinquity or incident and been brought forward as novels. And that, of course, is the most elementary of the methods to avoid the old cradle-to the-grave sequential narrative. But when the device used seems so essential a part of the telling of the story that one is scarcely conscious of it as a device at all or when, even if it is an obviously imposed pattern, it seems to be the only possible way of telling some particular story, the sacrifice of simplicity is certainly justified.

In his first novel to be translated into English, Ferdynand Goetel has made use of a dual method of presentation which will escape neither the attention nor the irritation of the unprepared reader in the beginning of the book. But as the complex recital advances, the manner of its telling is submerged in the interest of the story itself and in the end seems the one appropriate form for the psychological nexus under consideration.

* * *

"From Day to Day" is written in the form of the diary of a famous Polish writer living in post-war Cracow. Herein he, Stanislaus, sets down his present daily life with its spiritual conflicts, but here also, incorporated in the diary, he sets down from time to time the draft of a novel which records his experiences as a Polish prisoner in Turkestan during the war. At first, the novel appears in the diary only a sentence or a paragraph at a time, but gradually the novel, the past, infringes more and more upon the diary, the present; finally with the crashing of the past into the present the novel dies out altogether. It has served its purpose, a katharsis and a rationalization; the strands of Stanislaus's life, past and present, have drawn together for good or ill. His story becomes a single whole.

In the diary we see Stanislaus living with his wife and child uneventfully but in growing estrangement. The strain between husband and wife becomes more and more ominous. It is increased by the exaggerated and eventually tragic infatuation of a poetess for Stanislaus, and by the unswerving affection of his old friend and fellow-prisoner, Felix, for Stanislaus's wife. Throughout the diary we see Stanislaus on the surface, as it were, just as he sees or desires to see himself, but we perceive, also, as he does not, another Stanislaus revealed by his unconscious evasions and augmentations in his journal. He tells, literally, more than he knows. The ease with which this difficult and delicate innuendo is accomplished places Mr. Goetel among psychological novelists of the type of André Gide and Italo Svevo.

In the novel within the diary, little by little, we come upon the beginnings of the neurotic and divisional personality of the present Stanislaus. As a prisoner of war he had felt he was entirely cut off from any other life. His wife, his home, his friends seemed never to have existed. The life of the moment was full: he had work, love, and rivalry,—for there, too, Felix loved the woman who belonged to Stanislaus, Marusia, the young Polish girl who owned the farm on which the two prisoners worked. The drama was intense, absorbing, but with the coming of peace it ended suddenly and once more Stanislaus stepped out of one world into another and closed the door behind him.

* * *

The inability to bring any parts of his two lives into livable conjunction is the disintegrating factor in his experience. He takes his crucial place in each of the two so similar triangles but he can learn from neither anything to profit him in the other. So circumstance holds the whip and Stanislaus moves to its measure. The divided past and present both become past, forcing Stanislaus into a makeshift united future.

It is safe to say that this will not be the last of Ferdynand Goetel's works to be translated into English. At forty-one years of age he is recognized at home as one of Poland's foremost writers, having gained the 1929 Prize for Polish Literature, and he has been translated into French and German. Acclaimed, too, by English critics, it is time America discovered him.

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Watching Lips Moving

EXCEPT for the movement of his lips, which was a soft uncalculable writhing, everything that the visitor did had an insistent and monotonous rhythm; his outlying muscles and bones moved with the regularity of a ticking clock—or, at best, with a slavishly syncopated beat. His foot fidgetted, almost soundlessly, against the floor in three-time — tap-tap-tap — twitch — tap-tap-tap—tap-tap-tap—twitch—tap-tap-tap . . . as if he found some tune in his own speech that made his toe want to dance. For me, the rest of him seemed to outshout the sounds that came from his lips. "What a complexity—what a complexity," I thought, as I watched his lips moving. Inside his bony skull, I knew, a thing like a gray bath-sponge was causing all this portentous agitation in the flesh of his face. His lips, tautened and puffed out, blowing modulated breath into the air—the very mosquitoes, hanging in front of his face, awaiting a stillness of his features that would give them their chance of a meal, were affected by the agitation caused by that secret gray bath-sponge shut up in the round box of bone at the top of our visitor's spine.

"What a complexity . . . how could one bear to *hear* his words, when even to *see* the lips engaged in their formation, involves such inconceivable elaborations." Our visitor's lips moved rather one-sidedly; his teeth, varnished with the saliva also stimulated by the agitation of that unseen gray bath-sponge, were much more seen on this side than on that. Two little muscles at the outer corners of his cheeks twitched to raise and lower his writhing lips, as the hands of modest ladies used to grasp and lift their petticoats when staid feet wanted to dance. This twitching of the cheeks slightly moved his horn-rimmed spectacles; the bridge between the discs bestrode his trembling nose like a rider mounted on a nervous horse. The moving glasses shimmered in the light of the sunset; little whirls and splinters of bloody sunset light were caught in the convex surface of each disc. At one moment, in each glass the tiny perfect sun rested in a tiny hammock of clouds—in the next moment, the twin pictures were broken as the glasses glanced up and aside; the eyes behind the glasses were caged behind glittering gold and crystal bars. Thus was our mild and sweating visitor connected with the far sun that gave him birth by a couple of attenuated umbilical cords of sunbeams. The sun flamed and screamed through space; our visitor's lips and cheeks moved, blowing out various breaths into the air—and the combined result of these far-removed agitations was the tossing of two tiny quivering sunsets from facet to facet of the twitching discs before our visitor's eyes.

"I *must* listen," I thought. "This is interesting—all that he is saying must be interesting. It is something I want to know—about the Kuomintang. . . ." But nothing seemed interesting enough to deflect my enchanted attention from my eyes to my ears—to rival that astounding elaboration of flesh and nerve that caused his lips to move, that caused those little jointed bones of his toes to drum out the rhythm that, to his ears, seemed innate, the sounds his lips were wringing out. His lips moved almost as though he were eating—yet he was doing nothing so explicable and logical as eating. Instead of sucking in with those lips solid nourishment for his body, he was blowing out mere breath, by means of a subtle levering of bones and muscles; in the form of breath, he was sending out the results of the fortuitous convolutions of the bath-sponge inside his skull. The sounds he breathed dissolved into the dusky air—died immediately on the fickle drum of my ear, or lived for a few seconds as a dying illusory echo, just as a light, when withdrawn, stands for a short space on the screen of the eye's memory. All the sounds he so skilfully breathed faded—crumbled in ruins about him; only this core of flesh and bone that was his body remained in the midst of this dissolving edifice of sounds; only that unconsumed live coal, his body, was the residue of that quickly extinguished flame and smoke of significant breath.

Yet, immortal—abiding—as that body dwelt among the ruins, he himself had forgotten it. He had abandoned it to work alone, left it to cramp and slacken the minor bones of its extremities, the thread-like muscles and nerves in its flesh. His forgotten stomach received and disposed of the dinner we had given him; his lonely toe tapped the ground unprompted; his adam's-apple sprang about above his spotted tie. His body, deserted, maintained its rights of movement, as the roots of a plant press through and grip the soil, regardless of the wind that blows seeds broadcast, contemptuously unaware of the bee's rough comings and goings.

Our visitor was outside himself—outside his solid self; all his conscious self was a daredevil steeplejack, climbing the invisible rungs of that scaffolding of words that ethereally enclosed that body that he had abandoned to the mercy of my astounded eyes. For a moment I almost *saw* the bars of words that he had raised about himself. "A prisoner in a cage of complexity," I thought. "For after all, there is nothing here, really, except his body. If I were to listen, the sounds that his variously stopped breaths are making would reach the drum of my ear, and I should share the delusion that something was being built between us—a bridge from his lips to my ears. But really—there is no bridge; his bath-sponge of a brain is ten feet away from my bath-sponge; nothing but air (supporting at this moment three mosquitoes and a white moth) is really between us at all. Nothing is outside of our bodies except breath, and breath, even though it carries words, is nothing but waste air from our buried lungs that expand and contract within our ribs. Yet I *must* listen to him—I must begin to listen to him, or he will be finished—and I shall never be able to recapture the sounds he is blowing into the air between us. Perhaps for lack of that knowledge about the China I live in, my body some day may suffer. Yet—what is knowledge? Alteration of the convolutions of the bath-sponge in one's skull? How can this fleshy brain of mine—so impenetrably isolated—catch the infection of knowledge across that space of sterile air? Can any actual tangible addition to my body's assets, travel across a bridge of broken air, from his bone skull to mine? There is nothing here—there is nothing here—except the visitor, and me, and a few listeners . . . a group of mammals suffering from some convulsive affliction—some tick of the extremities that makes us wobble our flesh, mouth these sounds, before one another's eyes, and in one another's ears. Ah, what a complexity—what a toppling, air-drawn superstructure of illusion is built upon these quiet foundations, our bodies. . . ."

My watch upon our visitor was interrupted by a slight sound at my feet. My puppy, asleep on the floor, was dreaming, the pads of its clumsy paws spreading and contracting—spreading and contracting—in the stress of some desperate dream hurry. A little captive twittering could be heard from inside the puppy's nose; the golden fur of its cheeks was blown out and sucked in. In its dream, evidently, the puppy was creating a great stir, the noise of its own important voice gloriously filled its drowned ears—though no sound but that innocent treble nickering overflowed the bounds of the dream to overwhelm us. Yet, though my ears were stopped by my dull waking state, some hint of the puppy's dream seemed to escape with its ignominious, muted voice into the air. To try to follow that clue, to try to enter the dream, was like wading into some thick, warm, twilit element—like sinking in a sea that swirled with the agitations of half-seen shapes—fragmentary creatures that were materialized out of nothing more solid than the puppy's few weeks of idiot experience. Even before the puppy's *waking* eyes, I, and the sun on the grass, and manure heaps, and cockroaches, and bicycles, and carpet-slippers, and soldiers, and cows, were marshalled in the form of more or less dangerous, more or less gnawable, more or less smelly monsters—monsters that had no meaning and acknowledged no standard or precedent. The puppy would never divine, in me or in a passing cow, the charted existence of those bones that upheld the incalculable ghosts—two-legged or four-legged—that towered and tottered before its waking eyes. Those bones would remain for ever unsuspected and ungnawable, in a waking world lighted by the hope of a bone to gnaw.

And now, in the suffocated air of the galloping dream, even the formless creations were disintegrated, pulverized by sleep. Its understanding shrank from the new-born to the abortive. Waking, it saw men as trees walking; sleeping, forests galloped over it. The muscles of its paws strained in vain; it cried for help out of an uncreated world.

"Now," said our visitor, "you know all that *I* know about the intentions of the Kuomintang."

The ceasing of his talk woke the puppy—rescued it from its dream. It belched, yawned, and began to lick its left paw. I looked from the puppy to our visitor with compassion and amazement. The bath-sponge in his skull had been wrung dry to no purpose whatever. There was nothing new or changed in the air—yet he felt that virtue had gone out of him.

It seemed to me that we were cities of quiet houses, wrapped in eternal fog—a fog of sighs and cries and futile sounds and hopes and nightmares. We ourselves, like all over-elaborate cities, give rise to this fog; it is composed of the dead smoke from this fuel we have burned in our skulls. Cities of quiet abandoned houses drowned in fog—each house with a ghost in the attic.—STELLA BENSON.

"It might," says the London *Observer*, "on the whole, be the better plan to make a statue of a book rather than of an author: good books are so much better-looking than good authors. Who would not gladly see a First Folio in stone rather than the disillusioning bust of Stratford (which itself started the doubt which grew up into the Bacon theory)? Many people would rather have the famous Mr. So-and-So on their shelves than in their armchair, or even in effigy in their hall; and it will be admitted that the massed literary ability of the country, as represented in stone and bronze, corresponds but ill with the output in paper and ink."

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER III

Feminist, new, shocking,
Worse than a bluestocking,
  Always in ructions immersed,
Scorning the diet of innocent quiet,
  Can't you keep out of my first?

In electricity, hid in felicity,
  So shall my second dwell.
In El Dorado, or, like renegado,
  Bide for ever in hell.

Wheeling ferociously, whirling atrociously,
  Such is my whole indeed,
Plying unsparingly, deeply and daringly,
  Spurring to spurts of speed.

NUMBER IV

My First

Feeling is what my name implies,
  Physical feeling mostly,
Nothing of nose or ears or eyes,
  Or apparition ghostly.

My Second

Feeling is just what I have not;
  Hardened am I and old:
Search in vain for my tender spot,
  To find me stern and cold.

My Whole

Into the wood we wandered wide,
  Two pretty girls and I—
Three whom time shall never divide,
  And never a one shall die.

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine, the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to *The Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of *The Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of *The Saturday Review*.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

An Essay in Criticism

WILLIAM CONGREVE. By D. CRANE TAYLOR. New York: Oxford University Press. 1931. $4.50.

Reviewed by WILLARD CONNELY

MR. TAYLOR calls his book a critical biography. It is rather more an essay in dramatic criticism than a biography. As a painstaking essay, following the path of scrutiny approved by the pundits, this work possesses undoubted academic usefulness of the sort that separate introductions to each of Congreve's plays possess in any good edition of Congreve. The "much new information," however, which Mr. Taylor elaborately details in his preface, is minutiæ, a few beads either restrung or burnished, except for two unimportant new letters.

In his perfervid applause for Congreve Mr. Taylor is drowned out by none, neither by Dryden nor by Dr. Johnson. Perhaps that is as it should be. But when Mr. Taylor says, "two hundred years have elapsed since Congreve's death without producing a literary artist who could rival him in compactness and polish of phrase or in his understanding of the rich quality of words," he is recklessly unmindful of the nineteenth century, of Keats and Stevenson, to name only two. Nor will it do, as Mr. Taylor attempts, to belittle the characters in Sheridan. Surely five people know Mrs. Malaprop and Bob Acres to one who knows Millamant and Miss Prue.

To write too solemnly a life of the comic dramatist Congreve would seem as odd as to write a humorous life of Milton. Yet this is what Mr. Taylor at nearly every point has done. His style may be called classroom declarative prose. His course of lectures on Congreve's plays is the orthodox thing, acute, well-ordered, substantial, presenting perhaps what hard-driven critics call "a revaluation." Why is it that Congreve the man, the toast of the taverns, the wit of Covent Garden, the dashing admirer of Anne Bracegirdle, fails to stand out? Mr. Taylor is right in pleading that the facts on record of Congreve's daily doings are lamentably few. But any biographer should have no trouble in sketching the *milieu* in which the dramatist lived, his haunts, his friends, the pulsating scenes of the last years of the Stuarts.

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One way to know Congreve is to know his friends. Mr. Taylor has neglected them. For example, he says Wycherley's position in literary society in the 1690's is impossible to determine. But the correspondence of Wycherley and Dennis, not to say of Congreve himself, shows Wycherley in that period continually presiding at the meetings at Will's, whenever he came to town, and Dryden in 1693 was comparing Wycherley to Juvenal. Dennis at the same time called Wycherley the best living writer of comedy and Congreve second best. Perhaps one reason was that three of Wycherley's four comedies were still being played, and vying at the moment in popularity with Congreve's, though all the older dramatist's work had appeared twenty years before. Mr. Taylor's failure to follow carefully the lives of Congreve's contemporaries shows further in his saying that both Wycherley and Etherege had finished writing for the stage at thirty (Wycherley produced "The Plain Dealer" at thirty-six and Etheredge "The Man of Mode" at forty-one), and that Addison was dead in 1717—when he was very much alive as Secretary of State and when neither the estrangement from Steele nor the writing of "The Old Whig" had yet come to pass.

Congreve as a letter writer was dull, painfully dull, and Mr. Taylor's explanation that the dramatist was loath to write of his private affairs with any definiteness is hardly an excuse. Like not a few men of letters Congreve was simply no correspondent. Consequently Mr. Taylor's two final chapters on Congreve's retirement and physical decay, during which the biographer makes very little of the character of the Duchess of Marlborough, perforce dwindle in interest.

Aside from his scholarly discussion of Congreve's style and dramatic genius, Mr. Taylor is ablest in his exhaustive study of Collier's "Short View" and its effects, to which he justly allots about forty pages. Read together with Congreve's plays, this book will be a help to the appreciation and understanding of them, however much it may lack as a portrait of their author. For the definitive biography of Congreve we shall probably have to curb our impatience until the too long delayed work of Professor Isaacs, of King's College, London, appears.

Medieval Europe

THE MIDDLE AGES: 300-1500. By JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. 2 vols. $12.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

PROFESSOR THOMPSON'S new book presents a comprehensive survey of the whole field of European history from the reign of Constantine the Great to the discovery of America. Volume I carries the story, usually in its traditional steps and proportions, through the Crusades; volume II begins with the disintegration of the Empire of the Hohenstaufen and continues in greater detail, with valuable short chapters on science, literature, art, and education, through the first half of the fifteenth century to a brief concluding consideration of the Renaissance. Social and economic conditions are on the whole neglected, but at the end of every chapter the reader is referred to the appropriate chapter of Professor Thompson's "Economic and Social History of the Middle Ages" which now takes its place as an indispensable supplement to the present work.

During the past thirty years there has been throughout the Western world, and particularly in the United States, a great reawakening of historical interest in the Middle Ages, an interest this time scientific rather than romantic, which has constantly explored new fields and revised old values, so that there is scarcely a chapter in any standard nineteenth century work in the field which does not need to be rewritten. An unwieldy mass of monographs in many languages contains this new material, which the enthusiasm of scholars for their special fields and their unwillingness to generalize in haste has so far excluded from any conspectus of the whole period more considerable in dimensions than a mere text-book, except for such admirable coöperative works as the Cambridge Medieval History, which are, however, even at their best, no more than orderly collections of related monographs. But history without synthesis is valueless except to the special student. No living American scholar has been more conspicuously identified with the progress of medieval studies than Professor Thompson, and none has shown himself better fitted by the breadth of his interests and the vigor of his style to achieve the task of a fresh synthesis here avowedly attempted.

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Here, for the first time, the general reader is offered in a relatively brief and notably readable form the results of all these new researches painstakingly assembled. So much labor, so much scholarship, so much literary skill applied to a work of popularization so much needed should perhaps silence criticism. But one cannot avoid feeling that the abundant harvest of new facts, new theories, new interpretations has overwhelmed the synthesis and that this time, in marked contrast to some of his earlier popular work, Professor Thompson has been more concerned with gathering every contribution into its appropriate niche than in achieving any clear perspective of the whole. One is somewhat astonished to read in the chapter on "Science in the Middle Ages":

> When Justinian closed the schools of Athens (529) the light of Greek science and philosophy went out. The exiled scholars found refuge in Persia at the court of Chosroes I whose capital became the greatest intellectual center of the time,

when one has already read in the chapter on the Byzantine Empire:

> the closing of the schools at Athens has been erroneously judged. Athens had long been Christian in 529, and the schools there had long been powerless to sustain the competition of the schools of Constantinople. The decree of 529 was merely an administrative measure without religious significance. The proof is that it made no impression upon contemporaries. As a matter of fact, the pagan philosophers who withdrew to Persia in a dudgeon in 529, returned to Athens in 532.

The authorities from whom the material for the chapter in Volume II was drawn had not digested the results of the monograph summarized so ably in the paragraph in Volume I. But neither, apparently, had Professor Thompson.

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Evidence that in his effort to include each new fact or interpretation Professor Thompson has repeatedly failed to achieve a real synthesis is not lacking elsewhere. In Volume II, page 996, we find the dogmatic assertion "her (Joan of Arc's) career had no military or political effect. From first to last Jean Darc was an episode, an incident of little historical importance." The view that the relief of Orleans, the battle of Patay, the coronation at Rheims "had no military or political significance," a view which, while perhaps forgivable in a special monograph as an exaggeration to correct an exaggeration on the other side, seems an overstatement even of the extreme position of Anatole France, will puzzle the student, but not so much as the fact that while asserting it, Professor Thompson devotes to this "episode" eight of the thirteen pages that he has to give to the forty crucial years in French history that followed the treaty of Troyes.

But what seems to this reviewer the chief failure of the book to achieve a satisfactory synthesis does not lie in matters of detail. In no other period of history has our comprehension been so increased by a study of social and economic evolution as in the Middle Ages, for no period is such study more important or have more interesting facts been added in recent years, and no one should understand all this better than Professor Thompson. Perhaps he hesitated to win an easy second victory or to lessen the usefulness of his earlier work. But the same purpose is not achieved by referring the reader at the end of every chapter to another book, as would have been served had the vital social and economic material been incorporated in the picture and its relation to the political events made clear. Such a task is a necessary part of synthesis.

Such criticism must seem ungrateful. The present work offers the surest brief guide to a thousand years of history that we have, and it will find its place in the library of every person who aspires to be well informed about the past. But Professor Thompson is one of the very few of whom we might have expected even more.

An Old Shellback Speaks Up

WHEN SHIPS WERE SHIPS AND NOT TIN POTS. The Seafaring Adventures of CAPTAIN WILLIAM MORRIS BARNES. Edited by HILDA RENBOLD WARTMAN. Illustrations by FRANCIS SHIELDS. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

I WONDER how many years must pass before the tradition of the sailing ships becomes as legendary as the "good old days" of the stage coach? At Christmas time, cards with greetings and of good cheer swell the post-bag. Not a few picture old days on the road; the gleaming lights of a hospitable inn shining out on the snow, the horses steaming in the frosty air, the ruddy-visaged coachman—buttoned in many wraps—leaning over from his box to take a proffered glass. Fine times! The sea could afford no such idyllic picture. I surmise that the Christmas card artist can rouse no great enthusiasm for a sea subject, although I have seen the "homeward bound" *motif* employed to good effect.

It comes almost as a shock to learn that there is a seaman still hale and active who is able to recall sea days in 1861. Although hardly contemporary with the stage coachman, he could yet have seen the Tontine coach in the High Street at Greenock had he been less busily employed aboard a leaky Newfoundland brig in the Scottish harbor at that date. And the amazing circumstance is that he is able to write (or speak, for his is a curious book) of his last sea action against a German submarine in 1918! I know it is bad literary practice to use exclamation marks, but there is no other way in which I can convey my astonishment, and my admiration for a very gallant old lad, Captain William Morris Barnes, who devised (I think that is the word that best indicates the book's construction) "When Ships Were Ships and Not Tin Pots."

1861 to 1918. Fifty-seven colorful years. When Barnes sailed on his first voyage in the brig *Phantom* for the Brazils, the folk in his native town of St. Johns, Newfoundland, would be excited about startling innovations in seafaring. The *Great Eastern*, her huge iron bulk ("How th' hell can ye expeck iron t' float?"), the screw propeller, would be the matters to be argued in waterside taverns. But Barnes does not even mention the leviathan of the day, he is interested in no ship but his own ships, no sailormen but his own shipmates, no sea but the one he sails on, and his book is all the better for want of interior padding. What a book! It starts with the conventional argument of personal inclination for the sea despite all the pleadings, all the sound and considered advice, all the admonitions, all the urgings to take up a safe and genial employment on shore. But the sea calls, as ever it did, to the right seafarer, and here is the authentic first-hand revelation of a stout old seaman's mentality.

No bad mentality, when all is said, is his. A reckless independence is perhaps the notable feature, but there is loyalty, too, loyalty to ship and shipmates, and an honest contempt for humbug and the subtle, devious courses of landward-bred associates. There is strangely not a great deal of longshore interest in his reminiscences. At a ripe eighty years, his thoughts linger with the ships he sailed in and the men who sailed with him. Although he devotes a page or two to chequered courtship and marriage, his ties with the land do not seem, to him, to have been of serious consequence. Only in the fall of his story do we learn that there are sons and daughters, doubtless as independent as he. Of course he is boastful: and has every right to be. I cannot even question his tale of the ongoings at Bellevue Hospital where he underwent an operation but a year ago—to be reclassed, as he says. Denied an anesthetic on account of his years, he sang the many sailor verses of "The Dreadnought" while the surgeon operated. I admit that it sounds incredible, but it seems to me to be all of a piece with the pattern of his sailor life.

I mentioned the curious construction of this book. Barnes speaks it. His introductory description of himself sets him down fair in one's imagination and, throughout the book, the reader is always conscious of a voice instead of plain print. I know of no book in which the reader is so well invited to sit down comfortably and harken to a long tale. "Trader Horn," perhaps. But Mrs. Lewis was there, too. Not that her prompting of the aged Trader was at all wearisome; on the contrary, it was eminently skilful and understanding. But Mrs. Wartman, who met her "old man" in a city park, saw that no impress of her literary ability was needed to stamp this sailor's tale. She is wise enough to "stand from under," as Captain Barnes would put it. She gears up the dictaphone and goes out for a walk, leaving her narrator to spin his yarns and rant his songs in his own way. Her trust is not misplaced. Save for a word here and there that might better have been spelt with an "e" instead of "u," and a "them" when the old lad means "those" or "they," he can be left to stand up stoutly on his own merits as an author. It is a bold self-portrait he reveals, and his editor—however laboriously she may have had to struggle to knit the record into shape for publication—has wisely refrained from trimming any harsh accents in the outline.

A week of homage to the memory of Vicente Blasco Ibañez, the Spanish novelist whose anti-monarchist views led to his exile, is being organized at Barcelona.

The new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon will be ready in time for Shakespeare's birthday on April 23rd, 1932. A feature of the theatre will be two rolling stages, which can be brought on from the wings.

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SOME RECENT FICTION

The Case of the Collegian

THE LEAF IS GREEN. By JOHN V. CRAVEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE college undergraduate is one of the most interesting products of our civilization—physically mature, economically an infant, mentally anything between the two. He ought, certainly, to be material for the serious writer, but so far he has almost invariably been treated according to one of two formulas, as an impossibly carefree schoolboy, in the Hollywood manner, or as an amateur Byron admiring the workings of his own soul, in the "This Side of Paradise" tradition. "The Leaf Is Green" is an excellent first novel that seriously considers the case of a young man of the educated classes in our society. In the first chapter its hero, an undergraduate at Princeton, is told by the girl whom he loves, and who has given him to understand that she loves him, that she has decided not to wait till he can marry her, but to marry herself to another suitor who can at once give her the luxury she wants. She is heartless enough to insist upon his becoming her lover, once, in the fullest sense, before she marries the man she does not love. The following spring he is expelled for drunkenness, and finds himself entirely at a loose end. He is an orphan, and well off; he has no special gifts; there is no kind of work that he wants to do, or needs to do, but he knows that the position of gentleman of leisure with a small fortune is too anomalous in America for him to be happy in it.

These are two genuine and common problems, and if the solutions are not altogether satisfactory, perhaps they are as good as can be found. The manner of the book is less original than the matter. The author evidently owes a great deal to Mr. Ernest Hemingway, not only in his style, but, one is inclined to believe, in the whole conduct of his story. Most of the book is made up of one drinking-bout after another, and one cannot help feeling that the hero would hardly have tried to go to the devil in precisely the attractive, despairing, hard-fisted way that he does if it were not for "The Sun Also Rises." In the style, the staccato of Mr. Hemingway is sometimes carried to an extreme that Mr. Hemingway himself is always wise enough to avoid.

It must be said, however, that for the most part Mr. Craven succeeds in making his effects in his derived manner. His hard-drinking, swearing, fighting young hellions have the same fidelity to life, and his impression of heartbreak is achieved with the same stoic economy, as in Mr. Hemingway. And there is of course no question of imitation in any unworthy sense, but only of the learning of a lesson, or perhaps of the choice of a method. One merely hopes that when he writes his second novel, Mr. Craven will have found a method his own as his admirably original treatment of the collegian.

Cherchez La Femme

NO ONE MAN. By RUPERT HUGHES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $2.50.

WIFE TO HUGO. By JOY BAINES. New York: Sears Publishing Company, Inc. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

RUPERT HUGHES takes his theme from Boccaccio's statement that ten men are sorely tasked to satisfy one woman. He develops it as one would expect such a theme to be developed by an author who can point, among his twenty-one works, to such best sellers as "Ladies' Man," "The Unpardonable Sin," "We Live But Once," "Clipped Wings," and "Souls for Sale." His leading figure of the book—it would be going too far to call her a heroine—is a young woman of fabulous riches. She is afarid that life with one man would be dull, yet has not lost hope of finding a man with whom it wouldn't be. Her efforts to make adjustments between her idealism and her twentieth century cynicism give Rupert Hughes the framework he needs.

All the elements to which his audiences have grown accustomed are present: allusions to the unsavoriness of polygamy as a social institution, combined with digressions tending to prove that woman is naturally polygamous; scenes of what are supposed to be modern high life at Palm Beach, New York, Reno, related in a style that has a glib, factitious affectation of smartness. Above all, every page tingles with an ingredient which has the appearance of being sex, but which is not really sex at all, or anything nearly as vital, but simply a sort of bedroom curiosity, a suspense that makes a Peeping Tom out of the reader.

One must not be unfair to Mr. Hughes. His trademark commands high prices and the interest of a large audience. His anecdote in "No One Man" is proper to the theme. It consists of Penelope's experiments with three men. The first is a man of stability and position, several years older than she. Her next subject is a young boy of her own age and social position, hopelessly mediocre. The last man is in the prime of his life. He embodies every answer to a maiden's prayer except that his doctor has warned him that his heart will not stand the strain of amatory excitement. His death after a climax in which he has discarded therapeutic caution is the big moment of the book—a moment which for its bathos has few equals in contemporary letters.

Joy Baines strikes the same tempo as Mr. Hughes. "Wife To Hugo" is a better book than "No One Man." It is by no means a good one, though the construction and characters, especially that of the mother, bear witness to a sincerity not common to fiction of this type. Joy Baines will have to get rid of that sincerity if she is ever to rise to the top in the trade of tingle-giving. Or she might develop it, and foregoing the tingles and the vague nostalgic atmosphere which passes for realism in "Wife To Hugo," become a legitimate novelist in the school of Susan Glaspell or Margaret Ayer Barnes.

"Wife To Hugo" is a story of three brothers: Adam, Jocelyn, Hugo. They have an ineradicable predilection for one another's wives. This family trait becomes so marked before the book is very far along that the reader feels distinctly uneasy when anyone of them tells his spouse to "take a turn in the garden" or leaves her alone for a day while he runs up to London. Jocelyn seduces Adam's wife, and Adam falls sincerely in love with Clare, wife to Hugo, who is the central figure, and it is Clare's refusal to let the shell-shocked Adam possess her that brings about the latter's suicide. The tragic climax of the book is shaded into an ending in which Hugo and Clare come together again as man and wife.

Genre Pieces

THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN. By L. A. G. STRONG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

TWO succesful novels, differing widely in scope and manner, have already attested the ability of Mr. Strong, who began his career as a poet, to write good fiction. The broad canvas and abundant vigor of his early "Dewer Rides" was followed by the more delicate and calculated style of "The Jealous Ghost," and now the author presents another facet of his evidently considerable talents in the collection of short stories called after the best and longest of them, "The English Captain."

The majority of Mr. Strong's stories are what used to be termed "*genre* pieces." The characters and backgrounds are taken largely from the village and provincial life of England and Ireland, and are redolent of the soil. Farmers, fishermen, country types, a few servants, and a travelling opera troupe—these provide a sufficiently varied *dramatis personæ*. The treatment is businesslike and free from mannerisms, nor does the author disdain a good straight description, as in the two exciting and authentic fish stories, "Mr. Kennedy in Charge" and "The Gurnet." As a whole, the collection is not perhaps very impressive in subject, nor deep in significance, but it accomplishes in accurate fashion the purpose of the author and leaves a clear and lasting impression in the reader's mind.

More remarkable is the admirably written title story, which suggests more than anything else in atmosphere and manner, though not at all in mood, the early work of James Joyce. The differences between the Irish and the English temperaments, the soul of youth and youth's admirations, have seldom been better set down in small compass. The author's methods in this story have for some reason not too easy to explain been compared with those of the late Katharine Mansfield, but beyond the obvious fact that both have a capacity for producing excellent short stories there seems little ground for the comparison. Instead, it may be well to regard thankfully the independent development of a talent so sure and so individual as Mr. Strong's.

Meddling

SYMPATHETIC TO BARE FEET. By JONATHAN LEONARD. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRED T. MARSH

MR. Leonard's work seems to us neither very profound nor very orginal in what it has to say and its revelation of character. His odd method of approaching his problems and his people lends an air of subtlety to his story, and his symbolism, often far-fetched and unconvincing, lends an air of mystery to his satire and his meanings. But the tale does, strangely, hold the interest, even more effectively, perhaps, because of the quirky and eccentric manner employed in the telling of it.

Like "The Meddlers," the present novel deals with the theme for which that novel was named. "Those who can neither play nor think," says Martin Deering in this story, "can criticize their neighbors." But the meddling in this volume is not the anti-social problem of its predecessor. It is the chief characteristic of Daniel Mannister, and the story develops into a character study of this inventor as reflected, particularly, in the life and loves of his granddaughter, Edith, whose privacy he continually invades and whose life plans he is always anticipating or thwarting, or, since inwardly Edith is rebellious, thwarting by anticipating. Thus, Edith is driven from her intimacy with Norman Kinsley into the arms of the handsome but crude Tullogg. Rescued from marriage with him, she finds her grandfather has forestalled her in whatever interest she might have had in marrying Mr. Stilton, the mill superintendent. There are a number of secondary characters who enter the story. All are considered from the standpoint of the escape theme. But for the inventor, meddler, fraud, Daniel, and for the enigmatic imprisoned Edith, there is no escape, though she is in full flight when we lay the book down.

Some of the sudden glimpses into the people of this little New England village of Augden Mills, and some of the Yankee flavor in dialogue and description are rewarding. On the whole, however, the novel must be set down as disappointing.

Prince von Bülow, the German Chancellor for 1900-1909, whose "Memoirs" has just been published, died a poor man, to the great surprise of those of his friends who always believed that a man of his style of living must be wealthy. After the settlement of all his obligations it was found that only a few thousand marks remained for distribution among the heirs.

These Are Important!

The Autobiography of LINCOLN STEFFENS

"If I were a committee of one picking Pulitzer prizes for American books thus far in 1931, I would give the biography prize to "The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens."—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
Second printing, 2 vols., $7.50

ENGLAND'S CRISIS
André Siegfried

"Siegfried is a veritable Chevalier Bayard among critics; even when his criticisms are most unpalatable one is forced to acknowledge that they are largely compounded of justice and are never tinged with ill-temper. Professor Siegfried admonishes the English with brilliance, understanding, urbanity and mercilessness."— *N. Y. Times.*
$3.00

The Life of ROBERT BURNS
Catherine Carswell

"A biography which it is a delight to read, which gives a rich, balanced picture of eighteenth century Scotland and a portrait of Burns himself which is, one suspects, as close to the warm, vigorous faulty and lovable reality as such portraits can be. Her book is more than an accurate 'Life.' It is a creative piece of literature."—*Forum.*
$3.75

REASON AND NATURE
Morris R. Cohen

The first book by one of America's few great philosophers. "Destined to mark an important milestone, perhaps even a turning-point, in the history of American philosophic thought."—HENRY HAZLETT, *Nation.*
$5.00

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Foreign Literature

Romantic Women

FRAUEN DER ROMANTIK. By MARGARETE SUSMAN. Jena: Diedrichs. 1931.

Reviewed by GARNET SMITH

AT the beginning of the last century, German literature reverted from the new classicism of Goethe and Schiller to that romanticism which had inspired their early successes. Shakespeare and the British ballads sufficiently prompted the Germanic spirit to rediscover itself. Life had been full and poetic in the Middle Ages, and might become so once again. The one need was to look within; to search the most secret recesses of the individual soul. By intuition, it should be possible to envisage reality as spiritual. It were too long to tell the changeful fortunes of this quest. No definition can embrace the variety of its manifestations. It was alike cosmopolitan and national. It played no small part in ridding the Fatherland of Napoleon, and from militant became domestic, lulling itself to rest in the sweet *Lieder* of the Suabian school. Our concern for the moment is not so much with the theory and performance of philosophers and poets as with certain women in whom these philosophers and poets beheld the spontaneous flowering of the spirit they sought within themselves. Margarete Susman, in setting before us five life stories, has adopted the romantic creed of the times as valid for the present, and is sworn to an unswerving admiration of her heroines. In any case, these women merit thoughtful consideration rather than easy rejection.

Caroline, the first of these women, is known to Germans sufficiently by her Christian name. An imposing figure, she was hailed by the romantics as one who derived immediate inspiration from the ground of things. She was "true to herself," and thereby superior to customary morals and conventions. You accepted her at once as Diotima the oracular, or turned away from her as "Dame Lucifer." She seemed to know neither doubt nor struggle. And yet, perchance, there was to be surmised in her a heart of unrest. Before she met with the brothers Schlegel, the initiators of the romantic movement, she had touched life at its extremes of quiet and tumult. In early youth she had married the doctor of a lonely mountainous district, expecting little from her love, but awaiting the "miracle," like an Ibsen heroine. Her husband died, and her sphere was speedily enlarged. She became the sport of passions, ardent and short-lived. The excitement of the French Revolution in its days of promise was about her. She drank of a heady cup. At a ball in Mainz, she succumbed to glamour and a French officer; was flung into prison as a political suspect; and found herself a prospective mother. But was she self-mistrustful, broken? Not a whit, it would seem. Like Goethe, she had a faculty for resisting or avoiding troublous impressions; she "persevered in her essence," as Spinoza would say. And Wilhelm Schlegel, previously rejected by her in amused scorn, was chivalrous and unfailing in devotion. Her baby died. Schlegel brought her as his bride to Jena, the headquarters of the movement. At length she had entered upon the kingdom of her desire, and straightway was recognized as the living symbol of the new ideas.

Friedrich Schlegel, metaphysically baffled by the apparent incompatibility of truth and beauty, beheld them united in her. He was ravished at the discovery, and it may be doubted whether he ever loved again in like measure, yet, none the less, he returned from Berlin with a rival. Caroline, requiring whole admiration, for once lost patience. "If some one would only kill the woman!" she broke out to Wilhelm Schlegel. But, presently, she was consoled by the coming of Schelling, the philosopher, ready to initiate her into the mystic realm of Pantheism. A man of granite, she styled him; but found that he could melt under her influence—and that of Auguste, her daughter by her first marriage. Here surely was a coil not easily to be unravelled! But, a third time, death intervened to remove whatever was in her way. Schelling meditated suicide, and Caroline renunciation. Speedily, however, she revoked such thoughts as unworthy of herself. "If my longing will bring thee joy, thy triumph is at hand." She needed Schelling, as Wagner—a romantic of a later generation—needed Frau Cosima. And, with her last marriage, her tale is ended.

The life-long companion whom Friedrich Schlegel brought with him from Berlin was Dorothea Veit. Like her friend Rahel, whom we must reluctantly omit in this brief article, she was a Jewess. Her father was the famous Moses Mendelssohn who labored efficiently for the emancipation of his race. Conspicuous in the recent "Age of Enlightenment," he furnished the prototype of the tolerant "Nathan" in the play of that name by his friend and admirer, Lessing. But his sweetness and light did not prevent him from marrying his daughter Dorothea to a man of merit indeed, but hardly on a level with the intellectual folk who frequented her father's house. She practised wifely respect, and loved her two sons. But this was not enough for her. Flung back upon herself, a pioneer among those who hungered and thirsted for the culture so long withheld from German women, she lived in the spirit, ardently prosecuting her study of Goethe and Fichte and Schleiermacher. She returned as it were from exile to her own kingdom. And, at last, meeting Friedrich Schlegel, younger than herself, she could lavish upon him her hoarded treasury of devotion. She was not self-centered, like her rival, Caroline.

Friedrich, writing to Caroline and mentioning Dorothea for the first time, declares that Novalis and Dorothea and himself were children of the spirit, willing servants, whereas Caroline and Wilhelm and Auguste were children of this world, born to dominate. And, of a truth, Dorothea served Friedrich with all her heart. Her one grievance against Caroline was that she did not understand and admire Friedrich sufficiently. She gave all aid in his labors, endured not infrequent poverty for his sake, even accepted subsidies at need from the husband she had abandoned. If she lacked personal beauty, and grieved thereat, all the more eager was her quest after truth. Ever, with the years, the warmth and generosity of her nature increased. Grown too clear of sight not to have detected the manifold foibles and weaknesses of Friedrich, she hid them from herself; continued to revere him as her spiritual guide. If Friedrich, in his own quest after truth, took refuge at last for very weariness in the bosom of the medieval church, she attended him willingly, and even with zeal. Her nephew, Felix Mendelssohn, the musician, might with his sister Fanny become Protestant; she herself was baptized and married, a Catholic. Friedrich had once asserted that the woman he could love must be one capable of loving once only and forgetting all else. And, after his death, her love became for her a symbol of God's love. Cheerful and industrious to the last, in the surrender of herself she had found blessedness.

Among these women, Karoline von Günderode offers the tragic figure. From a child, she was member of a Protestant convent for noble dames. Secluded from the world, she lived "in the Idea." For her, life and poetry were one, as in the romantic creed. She dreamt, in verse, of beauty and death, of doomed heroes ever surpassing themselves. She lamented the fate of Adonis. Why did beauty perish so soon; beauty, the revelation of the divine? The vision of Narcissus haunted her. Who loves beauty is already the thrall of death. But, presently, the tall and shy girl forgot Narcissus and self-love. Or rather, perhaps, she loved the image of herself in another's bosom. In any case, Savigny, the founder of historical jurisprudence, remained too calm and friendly. And in Clemens Brentano, the poet, with his abrupt shifts from sentiment to cynicism, she discerned no promise of security. A third and decisive passion was to be hers. Friedrich Creuzer, professor in the University of Heidelberg, had long brooded over the possibility of deducing the art and philosophy of Greece from some central idea. And suddenly, in Karoline von Günderode, he saw this idea embodied. "Who can resist divinity?"

From his letters, one gathers that he would have been content had she remained Grecian and divine, blessing him by self-revelation. But his flame of adoration had set her aglow. In vain he contrasted her image of him with the sober reality; bade her remember that he was married. Sophie Creuzer, indeed, made no objection to a divorce; but "Oh, her deadly goodness!" "If only she were thoroughly magnanimous, or mean!" sighed Creuzer. Two must painfully be sacrificed for a third. He clung to difficulties, as if afraid of being raised to the void on the wings of poetry. Karoline offered to live by him, disguised as a student. Or should they wander forth together, far away on the Russian steppes? They resolved to live for one another in renunciation and love. But it was not long before Creuzer was again in sore trepidation. Karoline's passion became exorbitant, peremptory. Creuzer was seized with cerebral hemorrhage, and, recovering consciousness, signified to his friends that all thought of love was at an end. Karoline learnt this indirectly. The thought of death had always been her companion. Three of her sisters had died of consumption, and the last and most beloved of these, appearing at her bedside in the night watches, pointed to the dagger that ever lay within her reach, and then blew out the candle. Karoline shuddered in the telling of her vision. It was her wont to walk on the shore of the Rhine. And, one morning, she was found, with the dagger plunged to her heart. As for Creuzer, he labored at that "Symbolism and Mythology of the Ancient Peoples" which she had inspired. In his calm and content, he could write: "If only I can keep my Sophie long with me!"

Bettina, the sister of Clemens Brentano, furnished still another incarnation of the romantic spirit. Of mixed Italian and German origin, she was the wayward fairy, compact of fire and fancy. Like Caroline Schlegel, she attracted, or repelled, straightway. A perennial fount of vivid enthusiasm, she was confident of her initiation into all secrets of nature and art. She was a law to herself; an Ariel, and not seldom more of a freakish Puck than an Ariel. Her moods might change, but always she took the full joy of herself and her existence. She knew herself complete and adequate. Was she not Bettina? If her brother, chiding her for faults he discovered too well in himself, bade her learn submission to social restraints, she could promptly reply that she dwelt in her own sphere. She loved "children, heroes, the wise and aged, the poor and oppressed, and the young forms that breathe of spring." Far from needing advice, she declared herself able to advise the rulers of mankind. And, indeed, later she took upon herself to offer political counsel to Frederick William the Fourth, succeeding to the Prussian throne in revolutionary years. Meanwhile, she was rapturous in the appreciation of genius. Improvising and elaborating various series of letters, she celebrated Karoline von Günderode, and her brother. How might you object to her blend of fact and imagination? She was the first to warn her friends that she must not be taken too strictly at her word. Even the Olympian Goethe might not escape. Round the erstwhile friend and quasi-lover of her mother, she wove a mazy dance, a Bayadere musk-scented garland of honor.

One turns over her volumes, irritated and amused. It is Bettina expressing herself, her poetry and enthusiasm. Presently she married Achim von Arnim, romantic poet and dramatist, and in character altogether virile and honorable. She had numerous children, and remained the ever youthful and self-sufficient Bettina, affording herself the symphonic music of her own rich qualities. Throbbing with life, and borne on a tide of happiness that knew no ebb, it occurs to one to wonder whether she was altogether favored in a seemingly complete escape from human sorrow.

The first volume of "The Reminiscences of Luigi Luzzatti," covering the years 1841-1876 (Bologna, Zanichelli), has recently appeared. By race a Jew, Senator Luzzatti occupied himself with religious problems, showing particular interest in Buddhism. Orator, writer, man of the world, Prime Minister before the war, he was in touch with every notable personality of the day.

Painter and Author

LA ESPAÑA NEGRA, MADRID CALLEJERO. By JOSÉ GUTIÉRREZ SOLANA. Madrid. 1931.

Reviewed by JENNY BALLOU

JOSÉ GUTIÉRREZ SOLANA is a painter who stands alone in Spain today. In him the dark side of Goya's genius has been reborn, and in his forceful canvases depicting obscure, endless religious processions, in the afflicted faces of the poor people, one sees without lies the Spain that the new republic must stamp out. Solana has written several books on the popular customs and scenes of the Spain that is dying. Those who have read the letters of Cézanne, or the notes of Delacroix, or the articles of the Polish painter Jahl, who spent so many years painting the light of Spain, will again recognize here that strange potency with which great painters use words. These pages come from a direct experience with life, a spontaneous vision that denies any literary parentage.

"España Negra" seems to surge more from the anonymous conscience of an entire race than from the mind of one man. Black Spain! The language here is a spoken, popular language; one can hear the Spanish voice soliloquizing in self-worship with a passionate monotony. What is this Black Spain of which Solana writes with such chastity of expression? In what consists its reality? There are certain aspects of Spain's scenic life that seem beyond reality, a dream, a mirage; something rising from the past, like a retarded realization of a childhood dream—or the prediction of an elysian future. There, high on the mountains in those rocky hamlets clinging to rough crags, the adobes of men seem almost unbearably ethereal, on the point of evaporating,—as though the earth finally is something immeasurably greater than the men who inhabit it. Light, light, everywhere, but in the depths of the man-built caves, darkness lurking; the darkness one finds in this curious book, that, despite the great humor running through it, in the end obsesses and tears at the soul.

Solana tells what he has seen on his journey through his country, with that introverted patriotism of the true Spaniard and with a sober and burning concentration. Funeral processions, town fairs, country picnics, promenades in far-away plazas. Poverty-stricken priests who tremble and are ashamed before the splendor of the bishop. Solana, who can boast of having really fought bulls in the arena, dressed in all the gala of a real torero, describes village bull-fights, and prisoners watching the preparations from behind their bars, overlooking the bull-ring; and the children who look on the bloody spectacle "that so awakens criminal instincts, taking it all in with wide-open eyes."

In "Madrid Callejero" Solana has described for always the Madrid that our children will not see when they grow up and visit the capital of Spain. He describes, too, the insolent new Madrid that is taking the place of the old. The younger generation of Spain, unschooled in the romance of débris, who will be born into a Madrid belonging to the modern world, will see all this with new eyes. And those who read Solana's books and see his works will be grateful for the rectitude and talent with which he painted an expiring world.

"Poets alone should kiss and tell"

For fuller information see DEATH AND TAXES . . . the brand new book of poems by DOROTHY PARKER. *At your bookstore (follow the crowd)* $1.75 and proudly published by The Viking Press, 18 East 48 St., N.Y.

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Points of View

Plain Words on English Speech

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Every man with a sense of humor, unblunted by the childishness and brutality of the times, who read Mr. R. W. Chapman's article on English Pronunciation, recently published by the *Saturday Review*, cannot have failed to note its subtlety—a subtlety that prompts me to

> *. . . pray you tell me*
> *If what I now pronounce you have found true?*

This Gentlemen from Oxford asked, "What *is* the Oxford accent?" and answered the question with, "*There is no such thing.*" Yet, later on in this article he explained that "this brand of 'Oxford' English possesses qualities not easily imitated. It has, I believe, a clarity of tone that makes it pleasant to hear."

If there be no such thing, then there is no need of an "*Oxford English* Dictionary" to interpret it. Possibly an Oxford *Dictionary* of the *English language* was what was intended. Be this as it may, there is room for such a work as the Philological Society of England planned—planned with the very material help of two Cambridge University men—Herbert Coleridge and Frederick James Furnivall, the latter of whom founded the Early English Text Society. He spent more than thirty thousand pounds of his personal funds in printing early manuscripts and rare books. Without the aid of these, the achievement of the plans referred to would have been impossible. The debt that the literary world owes to these two Cambridge men, and to James A. H. Murray who, although opposed by Oxford because he was not an Oxford man, bore the brunt and weight of the heaviest part of the burden of editing, is a debt that the English-speaking world will never be able to repay. The sad part of it is that, in these selfish and sordid years, so little credit has been given to these men, and they have been very conveniently forgotten because they were *not Oxford men.*

Apart from this, the Gentleman from Oxford said, "If we [presumably he means his firm] were trying, which we are not, to impose Oxford English [*sic*] on the world, we should fail, and we should deserve to fail." This is a very frank admission from one who disputes the existence of Oxford English, on the one hand, and admits that it does exist, on the other. If the learned gentleman means what he says, then why does he or his firm sanction the misnomer under which every effort is being made to put across a work the actual name of which is something very different, and a name that needs no explanation and no apology—"A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles; Founded Mainly on the Materials Collected by the Philological Society."

We have a law against the misbranding of goods that is being rigidly enforced by the Federal Trade Commission, and the attention of that body may yet be drawn to the nefarious practice of misbranding books. The title of every work protected by copyright is the copyright title, and the only right one under which that work should be sold.

The Gentleman from Oxford says that "the University of Oxford is a miscellaneous . . . aggregation of persons. They come from all parts of the English-speaking world. They have learned to talk before they come, and their speech has, of course, far less uniformity than the speech of an average community." Well and good. If such be the case, and far be it from me to deny it, then Oxford English must be the same sort of mumbo-jumbo as other English is. Anyhow, that explains why it is that "talking Oxford" received the attention of the editors in Dr. Murray's monumental masterpiece. Where is the man who has read *Punch*, with any degree of attention, who has failed to note the Oxonianisms printed therein? When I was in Oxford, the people of the town spoke good English. The professors whom I met there, who had not come from remote parts of the British Isles, spoke beautifully, but none of them gave to their mother tongue, as it is mine, the absurd inflections that certain men from Oxford, who attended the University, have spread abroad as the Oxford accent. Here let me say that I did not coin this term. It has been in the language a long time—fifty years at least—and at one time "talking Oxford" was used as we use "talking French," or "talking German," or "talking Spanish," as the case may be.

Of the character and quality of the English Churchman's enunciation, it is scarcely necessary for me to comment in view of the fact that the Church's own periodical, *The Guardian*, has repeatedly commented adversely upon it. I collected several hundred of these comments, and others from the *Westminster Review* that bore on the same subject. Personally, as one of the attendants at the services held in St. Paul's, in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in Canterbury, and in Worcester Cathedrals, I heard many sounds from many voices but, excepting in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, could not distinguish clearly the words spoken by the Churchman in the pulpit. Tell me I was too far away, if you please; or, that the acoustics were faulty, or anything else to explain it away, the facts remain that the periodicals to which I have referred devoted columns of space week after week, to the subject of faulty enunciation in the pulpit.

That any one who is familiar with Dr. Bridges's work should have forgotten what he had to say of the quality of the English spoken in his day is regrettable, but it is a matter of record that his work "On the Present State of English Pronunciation" provoked the London *Times* to say that "It finds it a shock to the national self-complacency of Englishmen to be told, *on the best authority*, that they too, are growing more and more careless and slovenly in their speech, and are allowing degradations and corruptions to creep unchecked into their language." And the *Times* is not the only publication to print matter of the kind. The *Daily Mail* declared that "possibly ninety per cent of Englishmen do not speak English. Colloquial English shocks the purist at every street corner. It irritates one in the drawing-room and makes one despair in descending to the kitchen. It is often appalling in the printed book."

This is deplorable, of course, but strange as it may be, perhaps, to the Gentleman from Oxford, it is a subject that has received the attention of noted British educators, authors, playwrights, and journalists, and among them may be named Mr. George Arliss, who said in the same number of the *Atlantic Monthly* as that which contained my comments on the speech of the people of the land of my birth, "The English of England has been distorted by people who really ought to know better. *Oxford University*, for instance, *rather prides itself on the fact that you can always tell an Oxford man.* . . . The only reason why one can always tell an Oxford man is that *his diction is not absolutely pure.* It is by no means bad but *it has certain distortions for which there is no excuse.*" Mr. Arliss gives "refaned" as an illustration of an Oxonian perversion. I gave "lectchah" and "cultchah" because those were perversions used by another gentleman from Oxford in my presence less than six months ago. I could give several more, including "fathah" and "mothah," used by another gentleman, also from Oxford, less than two months ago; but, let others tell their story. Pronunciations like these are affectations of utterance as unjustified as they are absurd.

An English friend, writing from Aargau in Switzerland, tells me that the speech of southern England is painfully affected—so affected that it modifies the values of some of the vowel-sounds to the point of flattening them. In such words as "man" and "cat," the *a* is given the same sound as *e* has in *pen*, and the words are pronounced *men* and *ket*, so that "the fat cat sat on the mat" becomes "the fet ket set on the met," and "the man ran to set a trap to catch the rat" is rendered "the men ren to set a trep to ketch the ret."

"Quite" and "nice" also are unkindly treated by the English, for these have been corrupted to "quate nace" which may perhaps be classed with Mr. Arliss's "refaned," but what shall one say of "dahnce" and "romahnce"?

Sir E. Denison Ross, Director of the School of Oriental Studies, and an educator of the first rank, said only a short time ago: "In regard to the pronunciation of English, perversions are so numerous that it is almost impossible to consider them in detail. The mincing of vowels, as in 'neo' for 'no,' and the use of 'Ai' for 'I' arise from misguided strivings after refinement. The lazy omission of the final 'g,' as in 'huntin',' and the substitution of 'ah' for 'er,' as in 'dinnah,' probably owe their origins to easy material circumstances."

Dr. Cyril Norwood, Headmaster of Harrow School, writing of English parents, has said that "they were quite determined that their children should not pick up an accent which would have the effect of removing the last shred of excuse from the Snob." Snobbish speech is standard only in snobbery. "Talking proud," as the Lancashire folk used to call it, is an idiosyncrasy that should be suppressed.

As I write, a friend hands me the following as a reflection on Oxford English:

> Beer—or as a Conservative member described it not long ago in the Commons, much to the delight of his fellows, "*Beah!* Glorious *beah!*"
> This outburst is dated from Burton, and it is heah that they make the best *beah!*

Sir Richard Paget, Dr. Daniel Jones, Sir Nigel Playfair, Basil Sidney, and St. John Ervine, in addition to the others previously named, have all been pounding at the ugly pronunciation of English that prevails in the British Isles, even as Sir James Murray, Henry Skeat, Henry Sweet, A. H. Sayce, John Earle, and Edward Dowden did in their day. Skeat particularly ridiculed the false values given in the England of his time (and of ours in part) to the letters *a*, *e*, and *i*. Who has forgotten that quip "Tyke a piece of kyke naow; you kin have the grypes afterwards." If "dikshunry," "extroordnary," and "jenwin," now used freely by Englishmen who pass as educated, and who persist in "an 'istorical novel," "an 'umble and a contrite heart," and "an 'abitual criminal," are forms endorsed by the scholars of England who write "Aren't I," but who would never dream of writing "I aren't," then our mother tongue has fallen on evil days indeed.

Only fools of fashion follow the practice of the English of smothering the syllables in their words, and as such they deserve to be called "bounders." Are there not enough pitfalls in English already without countenancing this practice? If Gilbert and Sullivan were living to-day, they would probably seize on the use of their mother tongue on its native heath as a theme for a play, and give the world as fine a musical comedy on spoken English as the world will ever hear.

For any one to claim that I am opposed to good Oxonian English is as unjust as it is untrue. All I have ever done is to oppose the assininities and idiotic perversions that have emanated from Oxford, and "I howp to tell you" that while Manchester remains in the Midlands of England, instead of in the northwestern region of it, as my Friend from Oxford intimates when he discusses the birthplace of Dr. Henry Bradley, and while butter remains "buttah," and plates are "plytes," and America is "Americah" over in the land of my birth, I prefer the land of Purer Speech—the land of my adoption, even though family history traces my paternal ancestry to England in the days of Mary Tudor.

FRANK H. VIZETELLY.
New York City.

A Variant Version

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

To the discussion in your paper on the origin of the expression, "But for the grace of God, there go I," variously attributed to John Bunyan, John Wesley, Spurgeon, and others, I might add that in Holland the saying is associated with Dr. Boerhave, a famous Dutch physician and scientist of the seventeenth century. I believe the English stories connect the quotation with a drunken man; the Dutch version represents the incident as the death march before a public execution.

JOHN J. DE BOER.
Chicago, Ill.

Mordecai M. Noah

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am completing a full biography of the American Jew, Mordecai Manuel Noah (1785-1851), who was prominent in the early political, dramatic, diplomatic, journalistic, and social life of his time.

I am very eager to establish communication with any descendants of his who may be in possession of documents or of authentic information relating to him.

I should be glad to hear from any one, in care of my publishers, The John Day Company, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All documentary matters will be scrupulously cared for and returned by registered mail immediately after perusal.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.
New York City.

A Rejoinder

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the review of "A Political Handbook of the World, 1931," in your issue of April 4, 1931, appears this sentence: "The one striking lack in the present organization of the 'Handbook' is the omission of the names and party affiliations of the Cabinets." This statement is incorrect, as the names and party affiliations of the Cabinets *are* given in the "Handbook." For example, under Great Britain (page 79) I quote: "*Cabinet:* Labor, assumed office June 25, 1929. *Prime Minister:* J. Ramsay MacDonald (Labor)."

ALEXANDER S. VAN SANTVOORD.
Glen Cove, N. Y.

The blackboards which Professor Einstein used during his recent Rhodes lectures at Oxford University are to be preserved. After being varnished they will be placed in the famous Lewis Evans collection of scientific instruments.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

GOLD, MEN, AND DOGS. By A. A. (SCOTTY) ALLAN. Putnam. 1931. $3.50.

A first-hand autobiographical account of life in the Alaska gold rush with a fine characterization of the famous Soapy Smith. This followed by the author's experiences in dog racing. A hearty and interesting book.

NELSON, MAN AND ADMIRAL. By FRIEDRICH KIRCHEISEN. Duffield & Green. 1931. $3.75.

This life of Nelson is written by a German, and from a German point of view of the naval history of Britain. This gives it an interest in addition to its more familiar factual narrative. It is a well conducted and very readable biography.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A., TO C. R. LESLIE, R.A., 1826-1837. Edited by PETER LESLIE. Richard R. Smith. 1931.

These letters have a good deal of charm as well as interest for the history of nineteenth century painting. There is an introduction by Sir Charles Holmes and some good illustrations.

FOURTEEN NOTES. By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG. Seattle, Wash.: University of Washington Bookstore. 1931. $3.50.

Mr. Craig's personal comments upon certain remarks made upon his career by Mr. Glenn Hughes, enlarged and amplifying Mr. Hughes's description of his activities, constitute this slender book which is printed in *de luxe* form in the series of University of Washington quartos.

THE NIGHT'S CANDLES. By RENÉ ROY. Macmillan. $2.

This is the poignant story of a young Frenchman who lost his sight in the war and who with great courage completed his education in the Polytechnic School and brought himself back into society.

ADVENTURES WITH BERNARD SHAW. By DAN RIDER. London: Mor-

A lively account of Shaw's early days as a lecturer and the contents of his den at 29 Fitzroy Square, including his private diary and the greater part of the manuscript of "Love among the Artists" which fell into Mr. Rider's understanding hands.

Fiction

THE WINDMILL ON THE DUNE. By MARY E. WALLER. Little, Brown. 1931. $2.50.

Miss Waller breaks a silence of several years in this new novel, in which she has set herself the very difficult task of telling in the first person, and in the form of notebook extracts and diary, the life history of a man; and only as sincere and accomplished a writer as Miss Waller could have made the result convincing.

Her hero is Michel Chelworth, half New-Englander, half French, artist, and—like most artists—introvert. Driven in upon himself by three emotional tragedies, the elopement of his mother, his father's sudden death, and then the elopement of his own girl-wife with his younger brother, he leaves his home on Cape Cod and seeks refuge abroad to devote the rest of his life to art.

By instinct, as it were, he finds his way to a desolate spot on the coast of Brittany. Here, amid the thunder of the Atlantic surges, and in the comradeship of the sturdy and pious Breton fisher folk, he begins life anew and lays the foundations of a notable career as a marine painter; and here, too, there opens the drama of his adult manhood, to come to its happy climax twenty years later on the sand dunes of his beloved Cape Cod.

Though the form of the narrative tends to make it scrappy and occasionally confusing, and though the hero is sometimes unduly loquacious about his own emotions, the story is a picturesque and human one, and written with knowledge and sympathy. It is gemmed here and there with such lovely little cameos of description—a sea-scene, a garden, an old room, the light of a sunset, in Cape Cod or Brittany or Paris—that we simply have to forgive all its faults. The characters, especially the women, are alive, and at least two of them quite lovable, while the author's heart-felt love for and delight in Cape Cod, its sands and waters, its self-respecting sea-folk, and its storm-beaten old houses, seems to carry to the reader the actual smell of salty air and the savor of sun-baked spruce trees. There is, moreover, what one might call an interior story, hardly at all put into words, and which must be discerned rather than read—the drama of a soul in its progress from the arid negations of scepticism and despair to the realization and the acceptance of the presence of God—which puts "The Windmill on the Dune" on a plane rather different from that of the ordinary amusement novel.

A WOMAN OF FASHION. By MARION STROBEL. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

Lake Forest, Illinois, sends us a hard, sophisticated, and glittering first novel, which promises that Marion Strobel, the author, is going to do something very good indeed some day, if ever she succeeds in getting under the surface of her characters.

She can see; and she can write—undoubtedly she can write. Swift, flashing, elusive, sometimes delicately malicious, but more often genuinely lovely, her descriptions of a street corner, a woman's hair, a dress, a shop window—anything, it doesn't matter what—scatter lightness and life through the pages of an inconsequent tale about rather incredible people, most of whom appear to be mildly insane.

The action takes place in Lake Forest and Chicago, and the characters are nearly all Lake Forest folk, whom the citizens of that charming and well-to-do suburb will no doubt gleefully identify. From the first chapter, in which the pale, virginal-looking heroine, Della Nash, gives herself to a man she has never seen before, some fifteen minutes after their first meeting—at a garden-party, no less—to the very end, where the intoxicated Eric Wesley discovers that he has no money in his pocket to pay his bride's train fare, nothing at all goes exactly according to Hoyle. But there is plenty of movement, the dialogue is brightly disjointed, and even the tragedy that occurs in the course of the story does not seem to raise a cloud in the atmosphere of cheerful, amoral irresponsibility which pervades it.

It is an amusing book, and a clever one; but external, everlastingly external.

NO SURRENDER. By JO VAN AMMERS-KULLER. Dutton. 1931. $2.50.

Mrs. van Ammers-Kuller here continues the story of modern woman's fight for freedom, through further experiences of the Cornvelt family—the big, solid Dutch family so successfully done in her earlier book, "The Rebel Generation." She essays, moreover, a historical novel covering the years 1904-1913, with a background of actual happenings and people. With the result that what with the combination of propaganda (this time for suffrage from the angle of the English suffragettes) and the necessary careful research for her facts, she seems to have little inspiration left for the story itself. There is no doubt that the main characters suffer.

One still feels the reality and substance of the big Cornvelt clan with its moderateness, its conservatism, its practicality. Old Mrs. Katie Wiseman's ninetieth birthday celebration, which opens the book, binds the old with the new. One has the same confidence in the Cornvelt reality that one has in the Forsytes. But there the real interest stops. The story of Joyce, of the younger generation, going over to England and there becoming a follower of Mrs. Pankhurst, is far too contrived and too effortful. The girl's struggle does not convince, nor does her tragic end seem inevitable. Moreover, the period chosen is not altogether a happy one. Maybe it is not far enough away for many of us; maybe the intense years that followed, overshadow and belittle it. The third novel of the cycle—dealing with the present—one looks forward to with considerable anticipation.

BEHIND MOROCCAN WALLS. Translated and adapted by CONSTANCE LILY MORRIS from the books of HENRIETTE CELARIÉ. Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. Macmillan. 1931. $6.

One presumes that the publisher knows best, but it is a little difficult to see why these simple and agreeable short stories of Moroccan native life should have been issued in so sumptuous and expensive a format. The stories themselves, rather sketches perhaps than stories, are unpretentious, pleasantly told, and they reveal an unusual but by no means profound knowledge of Moroccan manners and customs and the Arabian mind. As for the full-page decorations by Boris Artzybasheff, they are highly mannered, technically adroit, very ugly most of them, yet not ineffective as suggestive caricatures. As black and white patterns they are striking enough, but they overemphasize the squalor and sensual brutality of that North African world. The book, however, may be recommended to those who still find themselves curious as to "Amours Marocaines" and "La Vie Mystérieuse des Harems"—the original titles from which these sketches have been selected and competently translated. The lives of the veiled native women, of all classes, will be found to be chiefly characterized by enslaved and depressing monotony.

PRISONER HALM. By KARL WILKE. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.

Perhaps any book that contributes to the world's knowledge of and disgust for the futile brutalities of war is good. If so, then Karl Wilke's belated hymn of hate for the French serves a useful purpose, though it is earmarked by surprising credulity (such as the belief that the French hospital doctors deliberately murdered their German patients) and an all too obvious desire to revenge himself on the French for their bad treatment of him.

Taken prisoner on the Belgian border in the days of the German retreat from the Siegfried line, the author, under the transparent disguise of Corporal Halm, was marched first to a temporary receiving camp just behind the front line and from there to the prison camp at Candor, near Noyon. Here he spent several months, and being of an artistic, sensitive nature, he found the cold, the filth, the starvation, and the cruelty almost more than he could stand. He promised his fellow prisoners that the horrors of Candor should be published to the world, and here they are, at this late date, in the minutest detail. They sound true, and they make rather terrible reading.

The French were in an ugly mood at that time. They were advancing through the regions of their own country which had been blasted into an inferno of desolation by the Germans, and the stories they heard from the emaciated, rag-covered wrecks who had once been soldiers of the Allies and who, set free by the retreating Germans, tottered and crawled to meet the French and British troops, were not at all pretty. It was a sorry business on both sides, and for the sake of European self respect might well by this time be allowed to be buried in oblivion. But Mr. Wilke has forgotten nothing—and apparently learned nothing—since the war.

For the rest, it is a finely simple and straightforward narrative; graphic and compelling, and dignified even when the details are most revolting. It is admirably translated.

THE IMPOTENT GENERAL. By CHARLES PETTIT. Translated by UNA, LADY TROUBRIDGE. Liveright. 1931. $2.

A book of the saucy wit with which the Latin genius is wont to surround the comedy of sex. Other oriental fantasies by this author were "The Son of the Grand Eunuch" and "Elegant Infidelities of Madame Li Pei Fou," their substance plainly enough hinted in the titles. This latest comic situation is amusing enough, but seems over-labored in the translation. It is like a Boccaccio tale enlarged to two hundred pages; the point is simple and gains nothing from oversharpening. Ta-Pan-tse by effrontery and cunning lifts himself from a coolie into a general and ruler of a prosperous city. He is absolute in his domain, a ruler of men and famous for his conquests among women. Then he finds and marries a damsel most desirable who unmans him; and under the blight of impotence his whole character crumbles and he sinks back into obscurity and squalor. He returns in disguise to the scene of his former glory, to find his city and his bride at the feet of a triumphant rival: "He decided that for him there remained no better course than to retain his religious habit and piously seek his sustenance among those old ladies who still felt veneration for his enormous belly."

So runs the tale, demure and witty, a dry and sardonic commentary on the follies of humankind, yet not without its touches of sentiment, so inseparable from the true Gallic wit: "In China," laments our satirist in the end, "there is now no room for a Ta-Pan-tse. One by one ancient traditions vanish. . . . Mighty artillery will always command respect, but there is no more veneration for mighty paunches. . . . Dear, simple China of long ago, so friendly and so ornamental, what has become of you? Everything passes and is no more seen."

(*Continued on page 918*)

Five that the Critics Acclaim

Many Thousands Gone
by John Peale Bishop

In these five long stories of the South during and just after the Civil War the author, says the *New York Times* "impales the uncertainty, the pride, the pain and the collapse of a war-driven people upon his pages," and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* called it "an impressive book, both from a purely literary and a purely human point of view." The title story won the *Scribners Magazine* $5,000 *Long Story Contest*. $2.50

The Grass Roof
by Younghill Kang

The highest American and English authorities join in praising this remarkable autobiography. The *Birmingham Mail* (English) calls it "a literary find," the reserved *Manchester Guardian* says it is "worth a score of the ordinary run of volumes about China, Korea and Japan" and declares "it bares the mentality of the Far East." In America the *New York Times* said "it is infused with a glowing vitality and a color unusual . . . this side of the Thousand and One Nights."

Second large printing $3.00

American Earth
by Erskine Caldwell

The *New York Sun* believes that the author of these authentically American short stories might "grow up to be America's Fielding." The *Philadelphia Ledger* says that "it is hard to free oneself from the illusion that Tagore is writing tales of Southern life in savoring the book," and the *New York Herald Tribune* calls the characters "legitimate grandchildren of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn." The stories range from broad humor to hard-bitten realism. $2.50

Axel's Castle
by Edmund Wilson

An authoritative volume of literary criticism that is "sparkling with wit and spicy with anecdote." The *Saturday Review of Literature* acclaimed it "the best book of criticism to appear in America since auld lang syne, head and shoulders above all others," and Burton Rascoe said in the *New York Herald Tribune* "there is simply nowhere to be found a more interesting careful analysis and digest of the works of Yeats, Joyce, Eliot, Stein, Proust, and Valery."

Third Printing $2.50

These Russians
by William C. White

Seventeen vivid picture of the flesh and blood creatures behind the robots of the Five Year Plan. "For understanding in the terms of human lives Mr. White's book is one which no reader interested in the tremendous drama enacted in Russia to-day can afford to miss."
—*New York Times.*

Third large printing $3.00

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

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Writing Down to Children

By Peggy Bacon

Author of "The Terrible Nuisance"

IT has occurred to me that people who write children's books too often attempt to write for children only. An effort is made to simplify the style, to delete the long words, to prune the ideas to the bare branches, and, most particularly, to divest the story of any adult flavor or mature point of view. In this sterilizing process, pungency and novelty are lost and instead we have at best a mild, insipid tale lacking reality, or at worst something positively maudlin—in any case a book incapable of exciting the interest of anyone at all.

It is a great mistake, I think, to write down to children. Their appetite for long words and grand language is prodigious, almost equal to that of savages, and reading is the obvious means for them to enlarge their vocabularies and develop a good literary taste. When my son Sandy was only six years old, he insisted on hearing every single word of the complete unabridged "Robinson Crusoe" which I read to him evenings over a long period of time. I was not allowed to omit one single tedious speech or pious paragraph (which, in my lazy grown-up way sometimes I would have liked to do, and of which as you know there are many in the book). For Sandy was afraid that we might miss something. Though at times it was pretty heavy going for both of us, he listened attentively and benefited, I am sure, by his conscientious attitude. Certainly, I do not advocate reading books to children against their taste; but frequently they find such works to be truly thrilling and their strength of mind is greater than ours in that respect. Should the child discover in the text a word which he does not know, so much the better. If he is small, he will inquire the meaning of his parents;—if old enough, he might look it up in the dictionary. Even if he asks the meaning of only one word in ten that he does not know, it is a step in advance;—and that books for even the tiniest children are not spoilt by occasional big words is pretty nearly proven by the ubiquitous and overwhelmingly popular Beatrix Potter books. Her simple little stories are best expressed in simple language; but wherever the idea happens to call for a word of many syllables, the word is there which makes the tales far more entertaining, allows them to flow along with an easy naturalness,—and how refreshing it is to learn that the rabbit who had overeaten fell fast asleep "because the lettuces were so soporific!"

Personally, I recall reading the Andrew Lang fairy books (red, yellow, blue, green, and the rest) with unparallelled delight, and my own children have run the gamut also. They are written in handsome classical prose of a romantic kind, and you may be sure that when a child has browsed his way through the sixteen or seventeen volumes that form the set, he has had a fine literary experience, has automatically enriched his own English, and has familiarized himself with the folklore of the world—an excellent background to his education.

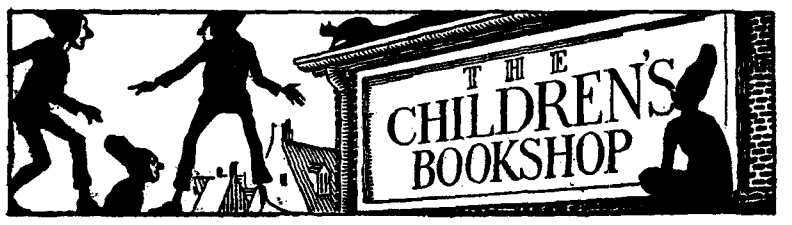
The child who has read all of Plutarch at the age of six, fortunately no longer exists, or if he does exist, it is probably as an old man with none too pleasant memories of his childhood. But there is something between forcing the young and actually thwarting their mental development; and in my opinion this generation errs somewhat on the latter side. At all events why write books especially for children from which all strong stimuli have been carefully extracted?

For in direct contrast to the ideas I am trying to express is a certain tendency to be precious for the child to a most extraordinary degree. For instance, a manuscript came back to me once from the proof-reader with all the punctuation changed. Upon my puzzled protest, I was informed that the person in question did not believe in semicolons for children.

Here a few queries might suggest themselves to one's mind:—why should a semicolon be considered more mentally indigestible than a question mark, let us say? At what age would it be desirable to commence a child on a few semicolons? And finally when the age of promotion arrives, how many semicolons per chapter would it be safe to allow?

But if that were the issue, there would not be much to worry about. There are few who would feel called upon to do serious battle for semicolons, and I recount this item only because it seems indicative of the hyper-tender feeling about children.

Again, I think it an error to suppose that it is imperative to strike from the text



Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

portions of a melodramatic or tragic nature on the ground that it may tend to frighten a child, for that is crediting him with a sensibility which usually he does not possess. Things that may shock his elders do not necessarily shock him and we do not have to protect him from reactions of a nature that he cannot feel. An older child may weep buckets over the trials of "Little Dorrit" or "Oliver Twist" but I doubt if he feels as harrowed by the book in question as an adult reader. And on the other hand, what grown person can glance at that old favorite of his childhood, "Slovenly Peter," without a profound shudder?

Very likely there are some children so sensitive that they cannot read the more blood-curdling fairy stories without having bad dreams at night, and a few so neurotic as to shiver at almost as many things as their parents; but for the most part, I believe children have strong stomachs as compared with grown-ups. Their taste in pictures and stories is apt to be for the violent, the startling, or the ludicrous; and while an occasional crude thirst for horrors of course should not be pandered to, nevertheless it would seem quite unnecessary to be unduly particular in their behalf. Better to feed them with robust fare; whether it be realistic or fantastic makes little difference, providing it is worthy from a literary point of view.

Though I am aware that generalizations are dangerous, yet I think I may risk a few: a timid shrinking from the realities of life is foreign to the nature of childhood. Children are inclined to be avid for reality, eager for facts, interested in any honest explanation of the world around them. Their thirst for wonders and marvels may be as much gratified by the "Outline of Science" as by the "Arabian Nights," and the greatest praise I ever got from my daughter Belinda was when she said she liked my new book because the characters talked just like real people.

Edward Lear's "Nonsense Book," "Alice in Wonderland," "Huckleberry Finn," "Treasure Island," "Bab Ballads," and the sparkling works of E. Nesbit are some of the classics which are always good for everyone. And this finally brings me to the point: What is it that makes a good children's book?

I believe it is the subject matter and that alone. If the material of a book be of interest to children of this age or of that, then not the great words, nor the lengthy sentences, nor the long-winded style of a Dickens, Defoe, Dumas, or Cooper, will serve to deter the valiant babes from its perusal. And I would like to wager that more folk nowadays read such authors with delight between the ages of ten and twenty than at any age thereafter.

My conclusion is that to write good books for children it is advisable to think less about the children and more about the books; that providing the subject is suitable, a good book will be good for children as well as grown people, and should be written in whatever manner is most natural to the author, without much effort on his or her part to cramp the style, to limit the ideas, or to render the discourse more juvenile, and in fact without very many special concessions to childhood.

Reviews

THE WINDY SHORE. A Tale of Old Marseilles. By Margaret Evans Price. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by Alfred R. Bellinger

MARION, a fifteen-year-old who lives at Antibes, across the harbor from Marseilles, is metamorphosed into Glyptis, the daughter of the Ligurian chief, Mann, lord of the district at the beginning of the sixth century B. C., when the Greeks from Phocæa first came to that shore and founded the city of Masalia which we know as Marseilles. As Glyptis she lives through the exciting episode of the ingrafting of Greek civilization on the barbarity of the country. She herself marries the Ionian leader, Euxenes, and thus makes sharp the issue between the partisans of her father, who would welcome the newcomers and learn what they have to teach, and her brother, who heads the conservative reaction against the invasion of an alien race. The characters are sketched lightly but well: Nann, the mighty warrior, conscious that the Greek superiority may be used to the advantage of his people, yet with his share of the childlike curiosity and wonder of the barbarian; Coman, his son, whose ascession to power causes a tragic clash between the two races; Milla, the shy Ligurian girl who falls in love with the Greek harp-player.

The author has used her characters to give flesh and blood to the lifeless archæological data which tells us so much of the conditions of antiquity without giving us any persons for whom the conditions existed. The result is not so fine a work as Hawthorne's lovely retelling of the Greek legends, but the task is far harder. Hawthorne had his characters ready provided and had only to add the appropriate details; here it is the details which are known, the characters which must be invented. Under these conditions one might have expected a book meticulous and dull. But "The Windy Shore" is not. It is pleasant and readable and the attractiveness of the volume is greatly enhanced by the author's numerous excellent illustrations. In these, also, fidelity to fact has been carefully preserved. For example, there is a Greek warrior whose details are obviously taken from the famous bronze statuette of a hoplite in the British Museum. But accuracy is not allowed to spoil the illustrations as pictures. They are just the sort that should accompany such a tale, and the reader will be introduced to a true, though romantic, conception of the appearance of these people without the depressing feeling that he is being educated. Type and format are good, and a word should be said of the pretty cuts of Greek vases which are used for the chapter initials.

ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE. By Enid Bagnold. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Dorothy B. Davis

ALICE and Thomas and Jane lived every summer in Rottingdean, a lovely village where the houses were made of cobblestones, and underground passages as well as the ordinary roads and byways led to the seashore and the cobble-crane and the smuggler's cave. There was also a landing field for planes near their house, and a highroad where buses passed on the way to Brighton and to New Haven, the place where the channel steamers leave for Dieppe. Proximity to these seemingly innocuous landmarks suggests a great deal more to three really enterprising children than a mere grown person could possibly forsee. The children were blessed with the most accommodating parents and governess, who nearly always managed to be off to London, or visiting a cousin in the village. Ably captained by Thomas, the oldest, the three wander wherever their feet seem prone to take them, and of course achieve some most exciting adventures, to the discomfiture and confusion of all unsympathetic elders.

The art of writing for children from their own point of view, wielding their idiom and imagery so subtly that the writer seems really of the same generation, is, by its too occasional success, an elusive, inherent gift. Enid Bagnold's delightful and amusing style compares most favorably with that of Anne Parrish, who has become so justly renowned of late, for the charm and sincerity of her books for children. Not only does she beautifully achieve the point of view of her audience, but she brings acutely before us the intense vigor of a child's imagery. Books like this that truly mirror the child spirit are not only hardy perennials for children of several generations, but find their way into the library as well as the nursery, for they give us a fresh breath of memory of our early selves, and a new vision of our children as they are to each other.

The artist, Laurian Jones, shows no small degree of wit and ability, despite her youth, and should be congratulated equally with her mother, the writer, for her illustrations have piquancy and great explicitness, as well as extreme economy of detail.

Hospital

By Harriet Eager Davis

When I was sick I went away
Into the hospital to stay.
I had a bed high-up and white
And Nurse-by-day and Nurse-by-night.

Nobody made me do things there—
Nurse washed my face and combed my hair.
She EVEN HELD MY SPOON FOR ME—
And I a Big Boy more than three!

THE BOY'S LIFE OF HERBERT HOOVER. By Mitchell V. Charnley. Harpers. 1931. $2.

There has been so much of adventure in President Hoover's life as to make it excellent material for a biography written for boys—and, one must add nowadays, girls—along with the sort of thing that appeals to young folk: the story of a rise against odds. Hoover's life is a veritable success story, and as presented by Mr. Charnley it loses nothing in the telling. We follow the fortunes of the Iowa lad from his days on the farm, with its routine tasks and its simple but sometimes breathtaking sports, to his experience as office boy—really office manager—for the Oregon Land Company; his momentous encounter with a mining engineer, which led him to Leland Stanford and started him on the path to riches and fame; his activities as mining engineer over a large part of the world, with the Boxer rebellion and a thieving partner thrown in for good measure; his sailing for Europe as High Commissioner of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in the spring of 1914, his service to stranded Americans when the war broke out, his larger service in the Belgian relief work, then as Food Administrator, first for the United States and, following the armistice, for various European countries; his work as Secretary of Commerce, and finally his election to the Presidency.

On one point Mr. Charnley goes astray. Referring to Hoover's repeated failure to pass the English examination at Leland Stanford, he exclaims, "The English department at Stanford would hardly have believed that young Bert Hoover would ever become an author!" The less said about Hoover's English the better, even if he has had a hand in two or three books. Older readers as well as those for whom it was primarily written will enjoy this volume.

From a Reviewer

To the Editor of the Children's Bookshop:
Madam:

What can a literary man do with sappy juvenile stuff? It's too feeble to come within the scope. It hasn't any features. As a quasi or one-time educator, it seems to me that you put no strength into children's minds by feeding them with feebleness. I once tried, probably without success, to persuade a Sunday school superintendent that his whole library was immoral, the argument being that whatever weakened instead of strengthening was immoral—and definition of an immoral influence that did not come down to that was no good. Sappy and immoral come to the same thing.

When I was a child we had few current children's books. We had all the good ones, Stockton, Lear, Mark Twain, Lewis Carroll, "Uncle Remus," etc.—some that we'd have been better without, Alcott, Trowbridge, Oliver Optic, etc. We had all the big old ones, "Arabian Nights," Grimm's Fairy Tales, Gulliver, "Crusoe." At least we had a lot. There are hundreds of works that most children never know, mostly because they are swamped with current children's books of the sappy kind. One result of our not being supplied with the latter was that we read quantities of grown-up books, such as "Don Quixote," Dickens, Scott, even Shakespeare. If a child has a real mind and inquires about gypsies, give him "Lavengro." Imagine a mother reading Lavengro's first encounter with the Petulengos! Her brood would get something then, they'd get stimulus.

If you as an editor slapped the faces of all Sunday school teachers and sentimental mothers, and kept them slapped, the next generation would rise up and call you blessed. We might concoct a "hundred best books for children." It would only be worth while if such a list should become the basis of the whole energies of your department and its philosophy.

Arthur W. Colton.

Young people fortunate enough to be going to the Mediterranian or Spain, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, or Germany will benefit by taking along the latest travel book for older boys and girls. It is "Round about Europe" (Harper, $2.50), by Anne Merriman Peck," an established authority on how and where to travel.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

E. MC C. B., Watertown, Conn., says that in recommending diaries written by little girls I should include the delightful "Diary of Anna Green Winslow," a little girl of Colonial days, published sometime in the late nineties, and "The Diaries of Julia Cowles" of the Connecticut family, who died in 1803 at the age of seventeen; this has just been published by the Yale University Press. This inquirer asks for help in tracing a book beloved in her childhood, "The Children of Old Parks Tavern," a tale of early nineteenth century life in Byfield, Mass., involving boys, a girl and a pony "Skatta." She says, "I can see the red book now, and from my recollection of how the pages looked I should say it was published by the Riverside Press."

E. McL., Snyder, Texas, asks for the best text on American art, with publisher and price.

I SUGGEST that you get Suzanne La Follette's "Art in America" (Harpers; $5), a history of our art and our architecture, by periods, with the lives and works of distinguished American artists; it is freely and admirably illustrated. There is an excellent introduction to the subject, for children, "Trail-Blazers of American Art," by Grace Irwin, with colored illustrations, also from Harper. Robert Duffus's "The American Renaissance" (Knopf) is a somewhat dispiriting survey of the present status of the arts in this country.

L. M. B., New York, asks if Middleton Murry's magazine, The Adelphi, *is still published.*

YES, it has had a fine new dress and looks very trim and tidy; it is now edited by Max Plowman and Richard Rees, with John Middleton Murry as principal contributor; monthly one shilling, 58 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. John Cowper Powys, Hugh Fausset, Aldous Huxley, Bea Howe, Allen Tate, and others appear in this month's issue, a mighty good one. Speaking of good issues, I do not see how one could ask for a better one for a little child than the May number of *John Martin's Magazine*. There is an unforced charm on every page, and as for John Martin's own illustrated frontispiece poem, it was brought to me by someone who believes himself to be a hard-boiled business man. "Read that," he said, choked, and fled.

SOME months since, someone sent to this column a letter that put up a good case for a new edition of the best works of The Duchess. Because I know at least half a dozen presumably discriminating and well-read men and women—I am one—who for years made a practice of reading "Molly Bawn" at least every other twelvemonth, I gave this letter respectful consideration, and grieved when in travelling I unaccountably mislaid it. It comes again to mind now that I have received the following *cri du cœur*.

P. W., Jamestown, N. Y., writes:

During the past two years I have reread several times Charlotte Braeme's novel "Dora Thorne." I am not a weak sentimentalist even though my age is twenty years. For that reason I have often wondered why this romance holds me still interested at each successive reading. Reading "Dora Thorne" gives me almost the same pleasure as when I am deeply charmed with "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." I know that it is almost a sacrilege to compare Gissing's writing with Braeme's work, but I speak the truth. All of Braeme's books can be purchased from Ogilvie at thirty-five cents a copy. The cheap edition I own has a cloth binding, but this is hardly a consolation, for the volume is over fifteen years old. I feel that "Dora Thorne" deserves both a better binding and a better price. Could you tell me if this book was ever judged a good novel? Did it receive attention in literary circles at the time of its publication? The name Charlotte Braeme is a pseudonym. Therefore, how is Bertha M. Clay judged as an authoress when compared with her contemporaries?

I cannot report on "Dora Thorne" because though I respected Miss Braddon (and still do) and caught from Rhoda Broughton the right sickly thrill, somehow I never happened to read any Bertha M. Clay. Reports from more favored readers will receive sympathetic consideration.

E. M. F., New Jersey College for Women, New Brunswick, says:

"I am sure that the little illustrated booklet published by Chagnon & Company, 1170 Sixth Avenue, New York City, showing the old maps which they reprint and supply in various sizes; and the colored circular published by R. R. Bowker, 62 West 45th Street, New York City, showing the picture maps published by them, would interest M. E. H. of San Diego, California in response to the inquiry in the Guide for May 23. These reproductions are most attractive and are not prohibitive in price. They show the old cartography "with monsters, fears, and dark beyonds." For a beautiful piece of imaginative cartography of this kind I suggest that they purchase Bernard Sleigh's "An Ancient Map of Fairyland," published by Dutton at $6.00.

O. I. S., Birmingham, Ala., says:

"The very mention of looms and weaving delights my soul, as one of my early and blessed memories is my mother's face as she sat at an old-fashioned loom and practiced the craft learned in her girlhood. So it pleases me to send you the title of another book on the subject to add to your list in The Reader's Guide of May 23. The book is "Mountain Homespun," by Frances Louisa Goodrich (Yale) 1931. While it includes other crafts of the North Carolina mountaineers, it has most fascinating material and illustrations on the making of coverlets and the weaving of "linsey-woolsey." There are pictures of the spinning-wheel, the reel, and an excellent diagram of the loom. Even a list of the plants used for dyes is included. And in addition to all these things are some stories of the mountain people and their home life.

THE Okeefinokee episode has taken a sudden glorious turn. The Germantown college professor has set off for the swamp with several copies of Laura E. Richards's poem about the frog in the bog for distribution to the natives of that sweet region; *H. W. D., San Francisco, Cal.*, reported it as appearing in "Little Wide-Awake: a Story-book for Children," by Mrs. Sale Barker (George Routledge, 1879), which seems to be a periodical, though the title-page does not say so, and no author is given for the frog poem; this delighted this reader's childhood, though it had a fearsome picture of the frog with a marvellous foreshortening which apparently eliminated entirely the "lovely green neck" about to be "brokee." Another reader found it in a song-book set to music but without authors' name. *R. F.* sent me a nonsense verse from the *Riverside Magazine*, a precursor of *St. Nicholas*, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge: "I remember well the full-page wood-cut illustration that accompanied it as a frontispiece (never mind how many years ago)—it wouldn't surprise me at all if it was a Timothy Cole:

The sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The spit that stood behind the door
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
"Odsplut!" said the gridiron—"can't you agree?
I'm the head constable, bring them to me."

How many, many years went by before I learned what "Odsplut" meant. In childhood's vista I can still see a fine specimen of a sow walking into the kitchen on her hind legs, with a saddle astride her left foreleg, stretched out like an arm—and all the ensemble of the descriptive verse above meticulously illustrated with the same loving care that was manifested in those far-away days in demonstrating to childish eyes precisely how the cow jumped over the moon. Yes—I was intimately acquainted with the Okeefinokee frog too, but knew little of his origin and antecedents."

So the letters rolled in—these are but a splash of them—and when Margaret Widdemer read in the Guide my declaration that children like best of all verse nonsense verses with a strong rhythm, but who wrote it now? She asked me why I didn't ask Laura E. Richards herself to write some. Now seeing that when I was six years old my favorite book was one by Laura E. Richards, this was a bit like asking me why I didn't ask Sir Francis Bacon for his personal opinion of the Great Cryptogram, but I jumped at the idea, sent Mrs. Richards a selection of the affectionate and grateful letters the Guide had received about her share in young happiness, added the heartfelt gratitude of the child who loved "Five Little Mice" and her child who was brought up on "The Golden Windows," and asked, on behalf of the magazine for which Mrs. Richards was fifty years ago the favorite verse-maker, for more of just the same. Back came the most dancing, delightful letter: I'd have to be eighty-one, like her, she said, to appreciate letters like those I had sent her from readers of the Guide; of course I was asking the impossible, for how could she recapture the first fine careless rapture of young motherhood when her grandchildren were grown men? But she would get out the old hurdy-gurdy and see what would happen. Next day, an excited postscript: the hurdy-gurdy had inexplicably started to turn out verse at a great rate. We held everything at *St. Nicholas*, including our breath; ten days later came a message—the hurdy-gurdy had turned for ten days and stopped as suddenly as it had begun. We tore open the accompanying packet; there was rhyme after rhyme, exactly as good as they were fifty years ago and—here's the thrill—in exactly the same way, bubbling and bouncing with unforced fun. We rushed one to Kurt Wiese, who took fire directly and set it to pictures over night, and by this time it is well on its way to children whose grandparents read about the Okeefinokee frog when it first came out on the banks of this melodious lake. What this country needs is an omnibus Laura E. Richards with all the old poems in "Sketches and Scraps" and the rest of those precious O. P. volumes, and all these new ones printed right alongside, and then I give you leave to guess which were written before you were born and which in this year of otherwise general depression.

M. D. L., Yonkers, N. Y., asks for material for an article on Chateaubriand to be presented to a woman's club by one who remembers about him little more than that "my old Mademoiselle in Paris years ago made me learn by heart pages of his prose because of his perfection of style."

CONSIDERING the solid blocks of titles concerning him in any French library or book catalogue, considering that most literary reviews in that language manage to unearth material for an article about some aspect of his life or work every six months or so, it is curious to note how limited is the choice of such material in our own language, at least in print in the United States. He is one of the "Masters of Modern French Criticism" considered by Irving Babbitt (Houghton Mifflin, 1912), a succession from Madame de Staël to Brunetière; he provides one of the "Studies of Childhood and Youth," by Mark Gautier-Parry (Cranton, London, 1925), which is leaves from his life and the lives of Lamartine and George Sand; he is the subject of three theses from the Johns Hopkins Press, L. H. Naylor's "Chateaubriand and Virgil," Meta Miller's "Chateaubriand and English Literature," and Charles R. Hart's "Chateaubriand and Homer," a study of some of the French sources of his classical information. He is in James Huneker's "The Pathos of Distance" (Scribner) as "the eternal philanderer," the aspect in which he is considered in F. H. Gribble's "Chateaubriand and His Court of Women"; Maximilian Rudwin's study of "Supernaturalism and Satanism" in his works was published in 1922 (Open Court). H. P. Spring's "Chateaubriand at the Crossways" was published by Columbia University Press in 1924; of his own works we have mighty little in translation; so far as I can find, only his "Genius of Christianity" (Murphy), though Atala, Réné, and other shorter pieces are, of course, in annotated foreign language texts. This makes me especially glad to find Chateaubriand's "Last of the Abencerrages" included in John Grove's monumental "Omnibus of Romance" (Dodd, Mead), one of the year's bargains in entertainment and good literature. "Monumental" mixes the metaphor, but what other adjective could a reporter have the face to use for a volume containing twenty-four stories, 300,000 words of romance by famous writers from America, France, Russia, Germany, England, Ireland—oh, let us take refuge in, etc.? The best feature is that the stories are all admirable examples of their art and excellent sources of personal happiness.

B. W., Newark, N. J. Public Library also advises the book, "Facsimiles and Reproductions of old Maps," published by Chagnon at two dollars, and adds: There are several good separate facsimiles and reproductions showing monsters, etc: Waugh, Coulton. Map of Long Island, New York and Connecticut. Consolidated Map Co. About $1.60. Klitgaard, Kaj. Map of the Holy Land. W. E. Rudge, N. Y. C. $2. Longyear, William. Charta Aeneidos Geographica. American Classical League, University Heights, N. Y. C. $2. to non-members. The Consolidated Map Company, Ferry St., Buffalo, New York, sells a number of other reproductions of old maps at moderate prices.

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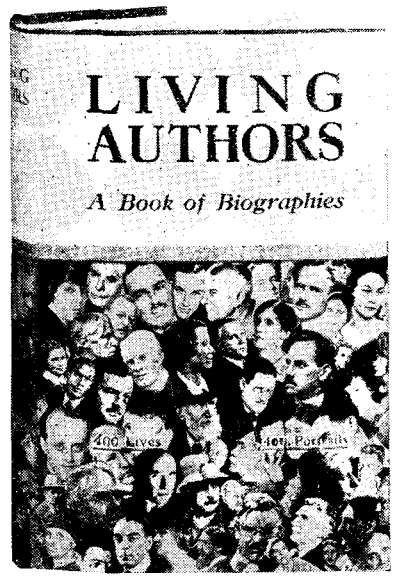
so that you may understand his works. He is one of the 400 vivid personalities whose acquaintance you will make in



A high unconsortable one... born in Dublin in 1882 . . . wrote a pamphlet on Parnell at nine . . . studied medicine and singing in Paris . . . married a girl from Galway . . . tutored in Trieste . . . mastered 18 languages . . . conducted a motion picture theatre . . . now lives in Paris . . . has two children . . . suffers from recurrent blindness . . . wears large rings . . . carries an ash walking stick . . . his little beard conceals a scar inflicted by a mad dog . . . the sale of his masterpiece is forbidden in this country. . . .

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 915)

THE DEAN'S ELBOW. By A. E. W. MASON. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. Mason has written so many novels in his time that his publisher has difficulty in finding room to cite their mere titles on the fly leaf of his new book. Competence in narrative and a sure judgment of the popular taste would therefore seem to be the author's unfailing stock in trade. Yet in "The Dean's Elbow" there are a number of unusually awkward obstacles to get over, and not all seem to be successfully hurdled. In the first place, the initial episodes of the book present the love affair of Mark Thewless, later Lord Thewless, with Mona Lightfoot, a poor typist in his office. The reader is then asked to skip a period of some twenty years, during which the chemist Mark has become a Member of Parliament and a power in the land, while his companion has sunk into the drudgery of an unhappy marriage and life in a suburban villa. The final complications of the story are exceptionally improbable—as improbable, in fact, as the hero's career, since he is presented at the end of the book as the same easy-going, careless, and yet priggish young man who ran off with his typist at the beginning.

There is little time, in the midst of Mr. Mason's hurried story, for consistency of character and motives. The main thing, evidently, is to keep things moving, and in this he must be admitted to achieve his end, though sacrificing all claims to good writing in the process. It is not the worst and certainly not the best of the author's books, nor is it likely to receive more than the usual attention. Just who or what should be blamed for the mediocre quality of the whole may remain an unanswered question, with the memory of Mr. Mason's best stories as witnesses to the possibility of better things from him in the future.

STRANGE THOROUGHFARE. By SONIA RUTHELE NOVAK. Macmillan. 1931. $2.50.

A brilliant but unordered and overlong story of quest. The girl Esther came of old Southern stock on her mother's side, with a dash of Indian blood far back; her father was a wild Irishman. Orphaned and brought up by prim aunts in a small village, she was bound to escape and to explore the world for happiness. Creature of impulse, she saw a fairy prince in every handsome bounder that came along. Like many amorists, she repeats herself, succumbs time after time to the same type of male. The tale straggles and maunders like most novels of self-expression. Its pointed scenes and its often startlingly realistic dialogue do not atone for lack of coherence and compression as a whole. It is burdened with detail which has the effect of mere repetition. No large effect is built up. Esther herself is the same in the end as at the beginning. The genius with which she is accredited hardly makes itself credible. In all other aspects she is helpless to the point of fatuity. She "gets what is coming to her," is a figure of pathos, not of tragedy. Hers is, to be sure, the pathos of millions of wistful, inconclusive lives, of fates which seem to have no beginning or end unless as (with Esther) the release of death is an end. She is one of the dreaming hapless ones, victims of temperament and of the predatory male. She touches ecstasy, she never quite gives in to despair; and she dies (happily) fighting for her dream.

BLACK CHERRIES. By GRACE STONE COATES. Knopf. 1931.

One approaches books about children with hesitancy. They are likely to be so lush, sentimental, and patronizingly intimate in their approach. This is not one of the soft stories of children, it is not even a happy story. It is given through the clear eyes of a little girl in a home that is far from the idealized hearth of fictional children. The reader discovers gradually the cause of the pall that hangs over the house. The half-glimpses and half-understandings that come to the little girl reveal the strained relationship between the husband and a second, living wife who is never permitted to encroach in any way upon the memories of a first, dead wife. These ungenerous lines of demarkation are barriers to the children as well as to the wife. Spontaneity so curbed soon ceases to function. The ugly, cramped life goes on, but it does not defeat the girl. There is within her some extra breath of sympathy, too vague to be actual understanding, that lets her guess a little through the sharpness and cruelty of her father into the dark motives that sway him. Seeing only as through a glass darkly, she feels with a clear rightness into emotions beyond her young comprehension. In any description she sounds unreal, forced, but in reality she is as natural, as tangible, as believable as the black cherry trees themselves.

Known only through the limited vision of the little girl, all the characters are, nevertheless, fully known. No events save the petty family ones of life on the run-down farm occur, and yet there hangs over the book a sense of fateful happenings. Grace Stone Coates has allowed herself slight leeway for ease in telling her story, but the effect she achieves is one of singular flexibility and beauty. There is a sharpness about all impressions in the book, a keenness of sensuous and spiritual apprehension that leaves brilliant after-images with the reader. It is not a book of surfaces but of depths. Regrettable though it be, one is safe in saying that the unobvious merits of the book will not appeal to a large public; but they should be very dear to the circle they will reach.

BABY. By GENEVIEVE NOLAN. Brewer & Warren, Inc. 1931. $2.

Baby is twenty-six and threatened with a family fixation. But song-writing emancipates her. From a colorless and rather dour office-worker, the call of her art quickly transforms her into the easy hostess of two rooms and a kitchenette in New York, with young men vying for her affections and Tin Pan Alley accepting her. The book is done in questionable taste. Wisecracks pepper its pages, family insults pass as humor, and the story hops along glibly but not gracefully from one conversation to the next. There is an assembling of names and facts, and a pretty thorough description of clothes and furniture. But reality stops there. What remains has the flavor of a radio skit, and a touch of the funnies. It is not a good novel.

I WALK ALONE. By KATHLEEN WALLACE. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

China in its present state of flux is no doubt bound to be a more or less unfathomable mystery to any save the most expert of western eyes. Mrs. Wallace's novel seeks to reflect this confusion in terms of old-fashioned melodrama, not, perhaps, with complete success from the standpoint of fact or artistic achievement. Yet as melodrama "I Walk Alone" is effective and exciting; its heroine, the beautiful Hwa Mei Ling, a Cantonese courtesan who combines the best qualities of Joan of Arc with the more lurid wiles of a Hollywood film star, is on the whole a success; and what more can be asked of a novel preferring to deal with romance rather than realities?

The qualities of Mrs. Wallace's prose are obvious. She can tell a story clearly, and put all the proper trappings of picturesque background and exotic phraseology in place. The doings of her characters may sometimes seem inexplicable to a reader unacquainted with Chinese ways and customs, but that may be set down as part of the much advertised glamour of the Orient, which has, according to the author, survived even the decidedly unglamorous civil warfare of the moment. Modern China may still be the sort of place Mrs. Wallace thinks it is, but one fears not.

In fact, however, the best of the episodes in this pious chronicle of disorder and crime are the more sentimental and romantic. The story of young Terence Connolly, dying in a Tsing-Tao villa tended by the faithful courtesan, will no doubt move many more readers than the less attractive emotional swamps in which her early affairs and those of her missionary friend Norma are involved. Best of all is the slightly ironic ending in which a great deal is left to the reader's imagination, while the heroine is restored to respectability by the simple process of marrying a rich money-lender. On the whole, "I Walk Alone" is an attractive, if not an important, book, and is eminently fitted for summer reading.

LOOKING BACKWARD. By EDWARD BELLAMY. With an Introduction by HEYWOOD BROUN. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $1.

This is a timely republication of a famous book which in an age of rapid industrial and political transition such as this one has in some respects more relevance than when it was first written.

THE OMNIBUS OF ROMANCE. Edited by JOHN GROVE. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $3.

A collection of stories and novelettes avowedly selected with the intention of conjuring up "the very spirit of romance in the midst of an age much too realistic." Its contents range from Paul Heyse and Halévy to Stevenson and Tarkington, representing many lands and distinguished ability. A commendably unhackneyed selection.

Juvenile

STAR MYTHS FROM MANY LANDS. By DOROTHY RENICK. Scribners. 1931. 88 cents.

Here is a useful book in which young people may find a natural grouping of myths about the classic constellations, with a sketch, and directions for finding, before each group of stories, and a history by tribal beliefs following each. The myths are pleasantly told and interesting, and the directions for finding not too intricate. The histories should give the child a sense of the continuity of legend, though they may frighten him off by their notelike method.

JUPIE AND THE WISE OLD OWL. By NEELY MCCOY. Macmillan. 1931. $1.75.

Two similar books about Jupie the cat have preceded this little tale of a child and some animal friends. In the Christopher Robin tradition, it offers as its chief attraction very natural conversation, fortified by a matter-of-fact attitude towards the little oddities of human and animal behavior. The story is very slight, but well-adapted to the budding reader.

FROZEN TREASURE. By JACK BECHDOLT. Cosmopolitan. 1931. $1.

HIDDEN WATERS. The same.

THE RACE OF THE RAILS. The same.

Here two boys progress to manhood through three books, each of which can be read without the others. These are all typical tales of adventure; in the first volume, through the seas north of Alaska; in the second volume, in Mexico; finally, in the third, in Alaska itself. They are told rather prosaically, if sensationally, and without too much authentic local color. But they are entertaining withal.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE BOOK. Compiled by ELWOOD L. HAINES. Century. 1931. $1.25.

A collection of services for children of the Episcopal denomination, covering the church year, but usable also by other denominations by selection of themes for special days or purposes. Each service is built about a central theme appropriate to the child. The book is designed for use by religious leaders and also by individual children. The services consist of opening prayer, psalm, scripture, four hymns, and closing prayer.

NANCY COMES TO THE SCRATCH. By JOSEPHINE L. BALDWIN. Abingdon. 1931. $1.25.

These true stories of curious oddities about animals and children present rather amusing material. The somewhat prosy style possesses a redeeming homeliness.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Macmillan. 1931. $1.75.

"Rediscovered" and edited by Elizabeth McCracken, this comparatively unfamiliar tale by Miss Yonge is nicely reproduced, with a glossary and an account of Miss Yonge's life and work by the editress. Scotland at the time of Henry VI and Provence provide the scenes. Miss Yonge's work is acceptable always to the adolescent spirit, and this is an attractive example of its spirited romance.

THE QUIZZLE BOOK. By JOHN M. WEATHERWAX. Duffield. 1931. $1.50.

There is wit here. This is a very amusing book of question games, an outgrowth of Thomas Beer's idea of posers for people not usually held up for answers. Here the people are boys and girls of fifteen or so. Intelligence must help memory to the answers, for the material is both humorous and original and, in addition, wide in range. The straightest questions are delightfully crooked: "Is Padraic Colum a famous priest, a writer, a lengendary king of Ireland, or a noted Irish horse?"

THE CITY MRS. WINKLE BUILT. By HELEN FULLER ORTON. Stokes. 1931. $1.

A neat little dollar book by the author of "Grandmother's Cooky Jar," with large print and simple enough words. It presents the not too desirable plan of installing a real live skyscraper, and elevated, and a subway on the farm, just to save Mrs. Winkle a trip to the great city for diversion and to give the animals a good time.

Miscellaneous

THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT. By MARGARET WILSON. Harcourt, Brace. 1931. $3.

Miss Wilson is a novelist whose husband became the governor of an English prison so that she lived for some years in a house on a prison wall. Hitherto she had had no interest whatsoever in crime, criminals, or prisons. Then she discovered that these prisoners are human beings in whom she is deeply interested. She made the appalling discovery that 13,000 poor persons a year, nearly one fourth of those annually committed, are imprisoned for debt in England. She realized that many families are left in destitution because their breadwinners are in prison. She began to think that "there are criminals largely because there are prisons," and that "crime is largely the result of the presence of bad laws and the lack of good ones."

In this book she gives a graphic account of various punishments much used in the past, such as the ducking-stool, stocks, pillories, flogging, banishment, and transportation. She discusses the greatly diminished use of capital punishment and its inefficacy as a means of prevention of crime. But the most significant part of her book is its description of the hopelessness of attempting to reform the criminal by means of imprisonment. In this regard America can learn a valuable lesson from England. While the law and courts in this country have crowded our prisons by means of long terms of imprisonment, England has during the last few decades decreased its prison population by means of summary methods of judicial procedure and short sentences, at the same time diminishing appreciably the amout of crime.

Miss Wilson's book is a useful commentary on the failure of imprisonment as a preventive of crime. But she is mistaken in thinking that the numerous and egregious errors in the treatment of the criminal constitute the principal causes of crime. At no point in her book is there any suggestion that crime arises largely out of an economic system which causes an enormous amount of unemployment and poverty, a political system which is highly inefficient and often corrupt, blundering educational methods, movements of population, adjustment between more or less incompatible cultures, constant change in ethical standards, and a very small minority of abnormal individuals who find it difficult to adjust themselves to any social system.

HINDUISM INVADES AMERICA. By WENDELL THOMAS. New York: Beacon Press. 1930.

This book is a "study of the amazing adventure of an Eastern faith in a Western land. . . . The serious impact on American life of Hindu philosophy and culture especially in the form of organized religion." Somewhat historical in form, this study chiefly discusses the various aspects of Hinduism which, through specific teachers who are described, have become familiar and influential in American life. It is a scholarly study, not a tract or propaganda.

Religion

RELIGION ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. The Baptists. 1783-1830. By WILLIAM WARREN SWEET. Holt. 1931. $5.

The Department of Church History in the University of Chicago Divinity School has undertaken a most valuable work in its projected series of source-books on the religion of the American frontier. If American history cannot be understood without a knowledge of the ever-changing frontier, so the frontier cannot be understood without a knowledge of the religious streams, shallow or deep, that watered it. The first volume of the series naturally deals with the Baptists, as they were the earliest sect to venture in large numbers across the Alleghanies into the Far West of Kentucky and Illinois. The five hundred pages of original sources here collected include the records of various churches in these States and extracts from the autobiographical writings of the Baptist leaders, John Taylor and Jacob Bower, the whole prefaced by a long and scholarly introduction from the pen of the editor, William Warren Sweet, professor of the history of American Christianity in the University of Chicago Divinity School. The most important matters covered in the book are the organization of the Baptist churches, the constantly recurring questions of discipline, the feud between the mission and anti-mission groups, and the later strife between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties in the church. The next volumes in the series will deal with the Presbyterians and the Methodists.

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The Altschul Collection

A CATALOGUE OF THE ALTSCHUL COLLECTION of GEORGE MEREDITH in the Yale University Library, compiled by BERTHA COOLIDGE, with an Introduction by CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER. Privately printed, 1931.

Reviewed by RUTH SHEPARD GRANNIS
Librarian, Grolier Club

ONCE again a great library has been enriched by the generosity of a book collector, a great university is the recipient of treasures gathered with indefatigable zeal by one of her sons, and a great collection is guaranteed, as far as may be, against future dissolution! Mr. Frank Altschul, whose interest in George Meredith dates from his undergraduate days at Yale, has brought together and presented to the Yale Library not only an unrivaled collection of that author's works in first editions, but also original manuscripts of several of his important books, some two hundred letters and poems, many of them unpublished, his manuscript notes as publisher's reader for Chapman & Hall, and a miscellaneous collection of Meredithiana.

Mr. Altschul has added tremendously to the immediate value and usefulness of his gift by printing a catalogue, in a preface to which he tells with enthusiasm of the growth of his interest in Meredith, beginning with his affection for "Diana of the Crossways" and for her lovely original, the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton, whose touching and forceful "Plain Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Infant Custody Bill," by the way, Mr. Altschul reprinted privately in 1922. The closing words of his preface should be quoted on account of their suggestiveness, coming as they do from the Chairman of the Yale Library Associates: "While it is not easy to bring oneself to part with one's treasured possessions, I have come to the conclusion that the satisfaction of seeing the collection properly housed in the Yale University Library, where it will be permanently available to interested scholars, will fully compensate me for finding it no longer in its accustomed place. And in the back of my mind lurks the hope that this gift may suggest to others the pleasure to be derived from helping to fill the shelves of the Rare Book Room with the countless rarities so badly needed by the Yale University Library and normally so little within its reach."

In a delicately phrased and clear-sighted Introduction which Meredith would have liked, Professor Tinker answers in the affirmative the challenge of oblivion expressed in the questions which he puts into the mouths of a new generation which "knew not Joseph": "Who now reads Meredith? . . . Can authors make head against the slow obscuring of time and win readers and disciples in a new age?"

"Meredith's human comedy," he writes "is gay and aristocratic and clever and self-confident because he deems it a privilege to have been a human being. In this, as in his attitude to the world of nature, he is an optimist. He casts his vote in the affirmative. But that is not all. He believes it worth while to vote. He believes that there is an issue, and takes sides with the blithe confidence of a clear-headed, good-natured partisan." He goes on to say that with qualities such as these, Meredith "will always hold an audience so long as English readers shall admire good wits in company with good spirits, and a knowledge of the heart in union with an inextinguishable delight in the eternal comedy of human life."

Following the Preface and Introduction comes the catalogue of nearly two hundred pages, divided into five parts: Original Manuscripts and Autograph Letters, etc.; Principal and Collected Editions and Selected Works; Contributions to Books and Periodicals; Miscellanneia and Bibliography;—the whole compiled in workmanlike fashion by Miss Bertha Coolidge, one of the best of our present-day bibliographers of modern books. Miss Coolidge knows how to make bibliography readable, as well as reliable, as she has already proved in her compilation of W. B. Osgood Field's *catalogue of his Leech collection* ("John Leech on my Shelves," privately printed for Mr. Field by the Bremer Presse, Munich, 1930), and in other recent work. In the Meredith catalogue, the essentially bibliographical details have been given with much nicety, but they may almost be said to have been made subservient to the connecting biographical and critical notes, as seems, at least to this reviewer, eminently proper. It is thus possible simultaneously to trace the story of Meredith's life and the growth of his literary reputation, and to study the physical aspects of his books. Careful references are given to previous bibliographical work upon Meredith, patricularly that of Mr. Buxton Forman, but unnecessary duplication has been avoided, Miss Coolidge having kept firmly in mind her chosen historical point of view. Of new bibliographical information, the most interesting is that pertaining to the publication of "Evan Harrington," on which new light is thrown by unpublished letters.

It is the manuscript sections, of course, which make the strongest appeal, and they give ample evidence of painstaking and scholarly work in transcription, identification of allusions, comparisons with printed versions, etc. Much unpublished matter (including a long poetical "Creed," several short poems, many letters and numerous excerpts from Meredith's notes as a publisher's reader) is printed with the permission of the Trustees of his estate, granted in view of the fact that the catalogue is intended only for private circulation. Some of the "Notes" are particularly delightful, as when he writes of a burlesque translation of Homer: "The English have happily outgrown this kind of stuff"; and of a lady's novel: "Demonstrably on every page by the hand of the youngest of her sex." His emphatic opinion against "East Lynne" is said to have caused Chapman & Hall heavy financial loss, though a more friendly spirit is shown in his summing up of Sheldon's "Standishes of High Acre": "A puttering novel. I see no hope of good work, but write to him kindly. He is unpretentious."

Though for reasons of sentiment the donor states in the Preface that the copy of "Modern Love," with the author's presentation inscription to Robert Browning, has first place in his affection, he admits that the original manuscripts of "The Tragic Comedians" and "One of Our Conquerors" are of more intrinsic importance. Adding to these autograph manuscripts of large portions of "The Amazing Marriage" and "The Egoist," the whole of "Jump to Glory Jane," and of several manuscripts of less importance, thirty-one unpublished pages entitled "The Friend of an Engaged Couple," the commonplace book of Meredith's first wife, showing what the young couple read, and many other items of unique interest, one can realize the extent to which future students of Meredith may be inspired and helped by the collection, ready access to which is assured them by its location in Yale's beautiful new library.

Five hundred copies of this handsome catalogue have been printed by D. B. Updike, at The Merrymount Press. Typographically, it follows in general the form of the new catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library of Providence, also printed by Mr. Updike, which has been accepted by leading American authorities as a model for this type of work. The Meredith volume, however, has several features peculiarly its own. The unusual size of the leaf (10½ x 7 inches) gives a spacious appearance to the book, which adds to its beauty, while the gay orange label, gold lettered, upon the black back, harmonizes with the marbled boards, giving a Meredithian touch to the volume.

MR. R. W. CHAPMAN, in a recent letter to the London *Times Literary Supplement*, has commented on the subject of facsimile reprints. He had just received a prospectus of a proposed reprint of Edgar Allan Poe's "Tamerlane," which is supposed, in the words of its publishers, "to reproduce completely all details of the pamphlet including the original covers," at twenty shillings a copy, and his fears were aroused. "Are not the publishers," he asks, "courting unnecessary risks? If they are successful in their intention, how is a (suitably soiled and frayed) copy to be distinguished from the authentic piece? When I designed the modest series of type-facsimiles published by the Oxford University Press, I was advised of the dangers, and I have been careful to print FACSIMILE, with a date, in a place (usually the verso of the title-page) from which it would be difficult to remove it. But a simpler and more adequate precaution is the use of a paper with an unambiguous modern watermark." In the light of the experience many persons have had with fakes of various kinds, such warning from an eminent and distinguished man is too important to be disregarded.

G. M. T.

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"*Here*," says DR. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, reviewing *Adventures In Genius*, by WILL DURANT, in *Books* of THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE, "*is a book which will be joyfully greeted by the readers of* The Story of Philosophy.

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Under the heading *Adventures In Suggestion*, DR. DURANT arrays and re-animates the ten greatest thinkers . . . the ten greatest poets . . . the authors of the one hundred best books for a liberal education. These lists have received the widest newspaper attention and provoked the keenest debate. But *Adventures In Genius* is more than a parade of such enumerations. Here, too, are adventures in contemporary philosophy . . . adventures in literature . . . adventures in travel . . . adventures in controversy . . . and, judging by eager bulletins from the trade and rush orders by telephone and telegraph, adventures in best-sellerdom.

NOTE TO PRINTER: *set in 6 point Scotch* . . . . To-day is the day of days for the MACTAVISH clan. . . . *Scotch—or It's Smart to be Thrifty* is published at last by the old Highland House of MACSIMON AND MACSCHUSTER, Aberdeen and New York, distillers of fine Scotch jokes since 1897. . . . All the Scotchmen hereabouts would celebrate with a parade but for the fact that they naturally couldn't be expected to pass a given point. . . . The price of the book is ninety-nine cents, and your change, in the form of a shiny new copper coin, is imbedded in the cover of the book. . .

Prizes will be offered for the best Scotch jokes received by the editors, as follows . . . (1) FIRST PRIZE: *Honorable Mention*. . . . (2) SECOND PRIZE: *For anon. only*. . . . (3) THIRD PRIZE: Ibid. . . . MACTAVISH spent a great deal of time—and practically nothing else—in the compilation of *Scotch*. . . . Copies on sale at all book-stores and The Bowery Savings Bank. . . . Lauder and Funnier. . . . Be generous to a vault. . . .

ESSANDESS.

The PHŒNIX NEST

W. W. SCOTT of *Life* has got together a little book published by Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith, entitled "Breaks," being unintentional laughs by tired newspaper men and others. What with the great success attained by "Boners" and "More Boners," published by the Viking Press, and Farrar & Rinehart's forthcoming collection of "Ho Hums from *The New Yorker*," the vogue of unintentional humor seems to be sweeping the country. Typographical errors are part of "Ho-Hums" as of "Breaks," and these, from the days of "the pale martyr with his shirt on fire," have always proved popular with the public. One of the best of the "Breaks" is attributed to the late New York *World*. It reads as follows:

Sherman was shot, stabbed, kicked, and beaten into insensibility in the furious mêlée, but was not seriously hurt.

Count Baretto de Souza, the famous riding master, claims that "in order to be a good horseman or horsewoman, a person must be a good musician. The rhythm of horse-riding," he says, "is equivalent to the rhythm in music, and the best of the hundreds of pupils I have taught to ride, have all been musicians." Dutton is publishing the Count's "Advanced Equitation" and "Principles of Equitation," addressed to all those who desire proficiency in the saddle. . . .

The summer *Yale Review* will contain an essay by *Virginia Woolf* on "Aurora Leigh," and all who conceived an interest in *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* through viewing *Miss Cornell's* fine interpretation in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" should be interested in reading Mrs. Woolf's analysis of the author of "Aurora Leigh" as a poet. . . .

A new volume of short stories by *W. Somerset Maugham*, which will appear in late August, will bear the title "First Person Singular." Doubleday, Doran are the publishers. Once we ourself published through the firm of Doran a novel entitled "The First Person Singular," but we don't intend to sue Mr. Maugham, as it is pretty certain that, after all, he writes better prose fiction than we do! . . .

Some regard *Gustav Stresemann* as the greatest German statesman since *Bismarck*. He admired *Napoleon* and had a notable collection of Napoleona in his home. More unusual than this, he read every book ever sent him! We certainly wish we could do as much! Stresemann's biography, by *Antonina Vallentin-Luchaire*, is published by Richard R. Smith, Inc., of 12 East 41st Street. . . .

Previously published in Paris, *Contact Editions*, Three Mountain Press, under whose ægis have appeared books by *Ernest Hemingway*, *Ezra Pound*, *Gertrude Stein*, *William Carlos Williams*, *Ford Madox Ford*, *Emanuel Carnevali*, and others, will be issued hereafter by Moss & Kamin, Inc., booksellers at 23 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Books published under *Contact Editions* will be devoted, as formerly, to experimental writings of the ultra-modern. *Robert McAlmon* will continue as editor. All books will appear in a small limited edition and will be available at popular prices. . . .

Among the "100 books chosen by prominent Americans," just published by the American Library Association, the list includes eleven books of poems as compared with six works of poetry in a similar selection appearing seven years ago. The present list was compiled by *Dr. Nathan G. Goodman*, a Philadelphia journalist. Among the poets included are *Robert Frost*, *Edwin Arlington Robinson*, *Carl Sandburg*, and *Stephen Vincent Benét*. None of the poetry in the 1924 selection, with the exception of Shakespeare's, is named in the new list. . . .

The first novel that *Harry Leon Wilson* has published since 1929 will be brought out by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation in the Fall. It will be called "Two Black Sheep." . . .

Simon & Schuster recently sent out a questionnaire, asking various celebrities for their favorite Scotch jokes. The reply of *Robert L. Ripley*, famous originator of "Believe It or Not," is characteristic:

In the early days the English railroad trains stopped at the stations for meals. Naturally the travellers had to dine quickly. And once a Scotchman placed a sixpence beside his plate to attract the attention of the waiter. The habit spread quickly, and soon the owner of the tavern placed a sign over the door, reading: "To Insure Prompt Service, Pay the Owner." The first letters of the words "To Insure Prompt Service" make up the word tips." . . .

Who says that juvenile authors do not use honest sweat in working? *Eric Kelly* lost fifteen pounds while writing his "Blacksmith of Vilno," and *Marian King* lost twenty-two pounds over her "Amnon, a Lad of Palestine." . . .

Longmans, Green (55 Fifth Avenue) have recently published a book by *Sylvia Pankhurst*, "The Suffragette Movement," which should prove a most valuable source book with respect to the larger aspects of woman suffrage. The book was favorably endorsed not long ago by *George Bernard Shaw*, speaking over the radio. Miss Pankhurst's other books (so far published only in England) have been a translation of the Rumanian poems of Eminescu, with a preface by George Bernard Shaw (London: Routledge), "Save the Mother" (first published by Alfred A. Knopf in London and now by Fisher Unwin), and "Delphos, the Future of International Language" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner). . . .

Professor *E. A. Hooton* of Yale has endorsed one's ability to wiggle one's ears (we can't, can you?) as a leftover from the muscular abilities of our lower animal ancestors. The most developed part of the ear, among the civilized races of man, is the lobe. And the more highly evolved man is, the "nosier" he looks. So don't mind your beak. It means that you are in the foremost files of time. Dr. Hooton's "Up from the Ape" has just been published by Macmillan. . . .

Well, children, that will be all for today. Tomorrow we may discuss the weather, as it has now been raining for about two days amid these murmuring pines and hemlocks. Banzai!

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